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The Week

PRESIDENT WILSON'S directions to Col. House to work for Allied unity may be taken as a cool way of receiving the left-handed compliment of Lord Northcliffe. That gentleman, in his zeal against his own Government, represented the American Government as being on the point of taking the conduct of the war out of feeble British hands. There was, of course, no truth in this. It was something which Northcliffe's journalistic imagination invented for the sake of his argument. But it implied a kind of American bumptiousness which the President, apparently, does not wish to allow to pass unchallenged. Accordingly, he commits himself to the new policy outlined by Lloyd George in his Paris speech—the policy of unity in counsel and harmony in action. As for friction between England and the United States, Washington quietly lets it be known that it does not exist. The dissatisfaction of the American Government with the British which Northcliffe pictured in his letter is simply the kind of sensation that passes for fact in his *Daily Mail*. There were differences between London and Washington in the first years of the war—differences sharp though never really threatening—but they have completely dropped out of sight. There is not the slightest evidence of tension at present. Least of all is there any proof whatever that this country ever contemplated the wild fancy of saying to Great Britain: "Here, you are making a muddle of the war. Step one side, and let us Americans show you how to run things."

THE British press is almost unanimous in thinking that Lloyd George won a great triumph on Monday. But it was largely the victory of a man slaying the slain. The Cabinet crisis, such as it was, had really passed before he spoke. His previous explanation, with publication of documents, of the new plan of an Allied War Council, had taken most of the sting out of the criticism directed at him. There remained only the tone and phrasing of his Paris speech. But this Lloyd George defended characteristically. If there was any rashness in his Paris utterance, it was calculated. Lord Salisbury used to be accused of "blazing indiscretions." Lloyd George would have us understand that his are all carefully studied. He wished to make the Allied flesh creep. Having done that successfully, he is now prepared to talk calmly, to settle down to the hard work of the war, and to capitalize for that purpose the apprehension and excitement which he had stirred up. How simple! Perhaps, however, it was not all so guileless as that. Lloyd George said that he could pretend to but small knowledge of military strategy, but thought he knew something about political strategy. And it may well be that, deep down, he considered his Paris speech to be a piece of brilliant political strategy. He may have thought of it as a way of forestalling criticism and anticipating his enemies at home. The Italian disaster, he may have reasoned, threatened the security of his position as Prime Minister. It was largely the Servian and particularly the Rumanian disaster that broke Mr. Asquith down. Might not Italy do for Lloyd George?

WHEN one examines the substance of Mr. George's speech in the Commons, as distinct from the oratorical and tactical skill with which he closed the mouths of his critics, a certain disappointment is not to be escaped. Lloyd George did not squarely meet Mr. Asquith's challenge about the blunders of the past, in which the present Premier had his full share of responsibility. He evaded the question whether Gen. Cadorna, instead of urgently asking for aid, had not been confident of his ability to repel the Austro-German attack upon his armies. And when he came to explain more precisely the intent of the new War Council for the Allies, there was a manifest whittling away of what he had said before. Civilian control of the military staffs? Why, the idea had never entered his head? But if this is so, people will ask, why all the pother? Apparently, the only change of consequence is that there will be an Allied military conference at Versailles once a month, instead of at Paris or London once or twice a year. This may mean a gain, but surely it does not signify an instant passing from cross-purposes and chaos to order and perfect coöperation. As a political manœuvre the contemplated plan is intelligible, but it creates a false impression if the attempt is made to lead the world to believe that the Allies have found a way infallibly to avoid error and surmount difficulties.

AS regards the war, the President in his address to the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo held a high and firm tone. There could be no peace with the German Government until its ambitions were frustrated or its aims—and, perhaps, its own nature—modified. This was inevitable, the war situation being what it now is, more favorable to Germany, in appearance, than for a long time past. At present there is no evidence of a peace offer from Berlin which the Allies could accept. But when the time comes for negotiations, the President's ideas of what should be demanded—and granted—were set forth. But not by him. They are to be found in the report and resolutions of the Federation of Labor, which he was addressing at Buffalo. There were six main propositions, all of them avowedly based upon declarations by the President. They cover the League of Nations, the right of self-government, no economic war after the war, no punitive indemnities, no forced annexations. This is not far from the Russian programme. It is very like the proposals of the English labor party and the French Socialists. All of them mean implicitly, and some of them affirm openly, that Belgium must be evacuated and restored with full independence guaranteed, and also that Germany must take her heavy hand off other territories. Here, in fact, is the kind of peace to which all roads lead, and when Germany perceives this and is ready to utter the fateful words, Belgium, Servia, Poland, Rumania, besides disarmament and

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the League of Nations, she can get a hearing from the Allies.

THE President's letter upon "a more perfect organization" of the selective drafts to come contains a not wholly tacit condemnation of the errors of the first; some caught in the too-close meshes of the first call will look with bitterness upon the tardy improvements. The draft bill was signed May 19, registration took place June 5, the instructions for exemption were dated July 2; but no sooner had the machinery been set going than certain classes were complaining that its operation was uneven and shortsighted. The treatment of medical and dental students, of such mechanical workers as shipyard employees, and perhaps even of farm workers, has been acknowledged to need revision. Now we are to have the more expert classification. It will serve the primary end of setting aside an adequate number of men for the armies much better than before; and it will serve the new end, so blunderingly attempted by the New York State census, of classifying men for industrial, agricultural, and professional work useful in the war.

ACCEPTING the statement by Lieut.-Commander Taylor, head of the Society of Naval Architects and Naval Engineers, that 3,300,000 tons of registered shipping will be launched by the world in 1917, we have a most encouraging increase over last year's figures. In 1916, according to the Federal Bureau of Navigation, 1,899,943 tons were launched. Returns, not quite full, for shipbuilding in 1915, showed a total tonnage launched of 1,640,000 tons; for 1914 it was in excess of 3,000,000 tons, and in 1913 it reached 3,300,000 tons, the world's highest figure. In short, we are approaching the record production this year, and next year, even with a continuance of war conditions, we may confidently expect to surpass previous totals in an astounding way—to double or more than double them. In the United States we speak of completing 6,000,000 tons of our war shipbuilding programme by the end of 1918, and British, Japanese, Scandinavian, and other yards are working frenziedly. Never has the sound of ship-hammers rung around the world as to-day.

WITH the lifting of the embargo on news from Petrograd it is revealed that civil war and strivings towards a settlement have been simultaneously under way. Such fighting as has taken place in the two capitals has gone in favor of the Bolshevik faction. Kerensky's attempt on Petrograd failed quickly before overwhelming numbers. In Moscow the test was more severe, but with the same result. In the provincial towns there is confusion, with the Bolshevik element apparently in the ascendant. But that the Bolshevik successes have not been decisive in the sense of giving Lenine control or paving the way for the establishment of a real Government is attested by the negotiations for a settlement between the contending Socialist factions. From Petrograd it is reported that such attempts at conciliation have failed because of the refusal of the Mensheviki, or moderate Socialists, to agree upon a Provisional Government subordinate to the Soviets, now under Bolshevik dominance. That is not the way a defeated party usually behaves. Apparently, the feeling among those who stood with Kerensky is that time is on their side. It cannot be long before the Bolsheviki recognize that they cannot by themselves institute their dictatorship of the proletariat, put through the social revolution, and obtain the immediate peace which they have promised the masses.

THERE is an important difference between the civil strife which has broken out in Russia and the civil wars which have followed upon revolution in other instances. It is not a struggle between revolution and counter-revolution, however the Bolsheviki may describe it as such. It is not like the rising of La Vendée, Lyons, and Marseilles in behalf of the Bourbons after 1789. The contest in Russia to-day is between two wings of the Revolution, between the Bolsheviki with their programme of an immediate social overturn involving the expropriation of the land-owners and industrial "capitalists" on the one hand, and the majority of the Socialist masses with their programme of a gradual social transformation of the economic life of the country. When Lenine accuses Kerensky of having gone over to the "bourgeois," he is only repeating the familiar accusation of the Left wing of the Socialists in every country against the moderate wing of the party. Furious battles between moderates and "impossibilists" have been an ordinary feature of Socialist history everywhere in times of peace. It now happens that the Socialists in Russia have in hand other weapons than those of debate, and the result is actual warfare.

THE Chinese Government has some ground for the implied protest contained in its note to Secretary Lansing. Both Japan and the United States failed to consult China about the recent agreement guaranteeing her integrity. China now protests, saying that she cannot recognize the binding force of any arrangements to which she is not a direct party. To a certain extent her grievance is merely platonic, formally placed on record for future reference. Naturally, her Government cannot object seriously to having Chinese independence assured by two great nations. Her statesmen, no doubt, feel that her dignity as an independent power was clouded when her right to be consulted was ignored. This, probably, will prove to be the chief motive of her protest. On the other hand, that clause in the Lansing-Ishii arrangement which refers to Japan's "special interests in China" on account of territorial propinquity, may very well have aroused some alarm among Chinese statesmen as hinting at something the very opposite of a guarantee of the integrity of China. It has been explained over and over again that this paragraph meant nothing more than that Japan constituted herself China's special protector against partition by outside powers. But the Chinese Government could have been most fully reassured on this point had it been made a party to the agreement.

ITALIAN resistance to the invaders is stiffening along the whole line from the mouth of the Piave to the Alpine valleys. Berlin and Vienna both record successes, but the rate of progress as measured in miles or captures of men has fallen far below the terrific level of the first two weeks of the Teutonic advance. The presumption that the Italian army feels much more sure of itself arises from the very fact that its position to-day is such that a break at either end of the line would threaten a disaster approaching the defeat on the Isonzo. Should the Teutonic thrust now under way in the upper valley of the Brenta crash through,

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it would place the enemy full in the rear of the Italian forces on the lower Piave, precisely as the break between Tolmino and Plezzo sent the Teutons speeding down towards the rear of the Italian army on the Carso and the lower Isonzo. That after so bitter a lesson the Italian command would takes chances is hardly conceivable.

WHAT manner of land is this little country of Palestine towards which the Jews have been aspiring for almost two thousand years, and which an English general is now about to conquer for them? It has been both maligned as a patch of mountain rock and desert, and overexalted as an earthly Garden of Eden. Palestine has been compared to California, on a small scale. It has the same narrow coastal strip, bounded by a coastal range of moderate height, which in turn faces, on the east, the deep Jordan valley, watered by streams and lakes, and more than a thousand feet, at points, below sea-level; this valley is shut in on the east by a very high inland range which tails off into desert still further east. Like California, Palestine, with its great variation in rainfall and in climate, is capable of supporting practically every kind of agriculture. However, conditions are generally so favorable that the land can be devoted to sub-tropical crops, oranges, almonds, figs, etc. Under this form of cultivation, the country will support a great population. Three million people can easily find homes there. Hopeful Zionists point also to Palestine's possibilities as a tourist resort.

CABINET-SMASHING is now the order of the day—everywhere except in the United States. In France, a veteran editor, who has been for weeks attacking the Government for lack of vigor, want of coördination, and general dilly-dallying with the war, has now become Prime Minister and formed his own Government. Italy, Austria, even Germany, are making new Cabinets while you wait. But the skepticism is warranted which intimates that the more you change them, the more they remain the same thing. This at least is true, that the tough problems to be attacked remain just what they were before. Clemenceau, for example, will undoubtedly issue an eloquent rallying-cry for France, may display great energy, may effect some reforms and improvements in Government methods; but nobody supposes that there is any magic in him, or in any other Frenchman that might be named, to enable him to surmount the difficulties upon which his predecessors have broken. After a time, the old discontents will be renewed, and Parliamentary intrigues to upset the Ministry will show their teeth anew. When Bryce comes to write again on the comparative advantages of the American system and Parliamentary Government, he will surely note the benefit of steadiness in war-time which goes with the secure tenure of Cabinet officers in the United States. They are no geniuses, no supermen, but at least they are permitted to stick to their jobs so long as the President has confidence in them. Mr. Roosevelt may go on in his curious way of supporting the war by shouting that everything the American Government has done, is doing, and will do is wrong, but at any rate he can't get a vote in Congress to turn it out.

OTHER old Confederates like John B. Castleman, who rose to be a brigadier-general in the Spanish War, would do their section a service by adopting the sense of his statement apropos of the refusal of some white soldiers in Louisville to salute negro officers. He declared that he would unhesitatingly salute any officer who saluted him, white or black:

> The regulations, the laws, and the fundamentals of courtesy and discipline upon which these regulations are based prescribe this. It is no time to stand against them. I want to urge every soldier to be a soldier in the full sense of the term. We are at war, and soldiers are under the rules of the American army. We are all under the flag. We salute the rank, not the individual.

It would be better to say that the rank makes it necessary and proper to salute the individual. We have heard from the Australians and others of a reluctance to salute, but that reluctance rose from an ingrained democracy which had simply found a mistaken manifestation. The refusal of a white man to salute a negro officer rises from a spirit which is the negation of democracy—a spirit that service shoulder to shoulder in trench and field must surely eradicate.

CABLED accounts of the debate in the House of Lords on the sale of baronetcies and knighthoods did not bring out the blunt allegations of fact which were made. Names and places were mentioned to show the regular scale of prices. To become a baronet costs $125,000, while a knight has to pay only $75,000. The money, naturally, goes into the party chest. In one case a Chief Whip was quoted as saying to one who interceded for a worthy applicant for "honors": "Certainly we will consider your suggestion, but we must be quite frank. We know it is very objectionable, but we have got to do it. What is your friend prepared to pay?" An instance with its amusing as well as sordid side was given by Lord Loreburn:

> A personal friend of his had told him that within a period of five or six years he was approached three times with a proposal that he should pay £25,000 for a baronetcy or £15,000 for a knighthood, but he didn't want a title, and he refused the offer. The third time he was told there was a chance of pulling off a knighthood for £10,000, and that if he wanted a baronetcy later the full valuation of the first honor would be allowed and would be counted as giving him a prior claim.

They ought to put up a sign: "Titles Changed While you Wait."

SCOTLAND has done better than England in reducing convictions for drunkenness. While the latter has effected a reduction in the weekly average from 1,544 to 929, the former has cut its average from 1,485 to 583. London shows up well, with 1,008 convictions weekly before the new orders, and 295 weekly for the nine months since. Liverpool has done a trifle better, her figures being 207 and 57. Birmingham, which was in good condition already, has cut her 37 a week to 17; Manchester, 83 to 21; Hull, 28 to 6. In Scotland, Edinburgh has reduced her record of 120 a week by one-half, and Glasgow her 522 to 178. The populations of Liverpool and Glasgow are not far apart, but one would not guess this from these figures for convictions for drunkenness. Nor would one, looking at the figures for Birmingham and Edinburgh, suppose that the former city is 50 per cent. larger than the latter. If one did not know that London is immeasurably larger than any other city in the kingdom, would one infer that fact from London's 295 convictions weekly and Glasgow's 178? The bigger the badder is no longer a true description of cities. Perhaps it never was true.

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The Allies' Single Front

NO true war statesman or war leader will refuse to learn from the enemy; but blind imitation is absurd and dangerous. To copy in disregard of the primal conditions in one's own camp is to waste the sources of one's strength. Because German victories have been attributed to the Teutonic unity of front the cry has now been raised for a similar unity of front among the Allies, and that in the face of obvious conditions which render anything but an Allied approximation to the Teutonic ideal impossible. We do not even stop to examine just how this Teutonic unity has been brought about. The German General Staff dominates the Austrian armies for the simple reason that Austria cannot look after herself. Austrian armies without German help and leadership have been regularly defeated. German armies kept the Russians out of the Carpathians during the early phases of the war. Mackensen reconquered Galicia for the Austrians. Mackensen conquered Servia. Mackensen and Falkenhayn conquered Rumania. Now von Below has opened the way for the Austrians into Italy, and the German army marches in the centre, with a fatherly eye on the ever-untrustworthy Austrians on either flank.

Perfect unity in a coalition is the result of outward pressure. Servia, victorious in the first contacts of the war with Austria, stood proudly on the Danube and exposed herself to the fatal stroke. A beaten Servian army takes its place in the Allied line in the Balkans and its orders from a single Allied commander. Rumania, flushed with high hope, begins the war by rushing off on her own account to her doom in the Transylvanian mountains; Rumania vanquished takes her place in the Russian line. A victorious Italy carries on her own war in the Alps and on the Isonzo. Only a badly defeated Italy can be conceived as placing herself under the military direction of her stronger allies and establishing a perfect unity of front. In other words, for a coalition of Powers, it seems inevitable that unity shall come only after national pride has succumbed to disaster. Did the Allies really expect that an Italian army, believing itself almost at the gates of Trieste or Trent, would give up its campaign at the dictation of a foreign generalissimo? It was not in human nature. To deplore a military unity that could not have been realized and to strive for a unity, after the Teutonic model, that can be realized only under Teutonic conditions, is a waste of time and effort.

And in the meanwhile there is another kind of single front which has all the time been open to concerted attack. That other front is the mind and conscience of the German people. It is a front totally unhampered by geographical conditions. It is a front which has caught the shock of the Russian revolution, as registered in the Reichstag declaration for a policy of no annexations and no indemnities. It is the front picked out with rare intuition by President Wilson in his reply to the Pope, when he wrote that guarantees from the present rulers of Germany could not be accepted "unless explicitly supported by conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves." It is the front recognized by the President in his Buffalo speech when he said, "I believe that the spirit of freedom can get into the hearts of Germans and find as fine a welcome there as it can find in any other hearts." It is the front upon which the Allies have been steadily pushing ahead: the formation of a Liberal block in the Reichstag, the winning of a reformed franchise for Prussia, the inauguration of a Liberal Chancellor, the beginnings of true parliamentary government. Upon this front disorganized Russia is still bringing great pressure to bear. Upon this front America has been making herself felt long before her armies can be brought to bear. To hunt wildly for a unified Allied command in the field is to imitate the Germans once more.

It is obviously the duty and the interest of the Allies to see to it that pressure on this single front—the conversion of the German people to self-government and away from dreams of world-conquest—shall be strengthened and not weakened. Unfortunately, the tendencies are not all that way. It is a gain when the French Parliament virtually repudiates ambitions for the left bank of the Rhine, as it has done in its war upon Ribot. It is a loss when the Allies postpone again and again a restatement of war aims such as Kerensky had been pleading for. It is a gain when Mr. Wilson makes handsome acknowledgment of the capacity of the German people for the works of civilization and for freedom. When we forget essentials—Belgium, a reconciled world, and a democratized Germany—when we blurt out things which can be distorted by the Tirpitzes into new evidence of Allied determination to destroy Germany, we are only bringing disorder into the unified front on which success for the Allies is attainable and desirable.

The War Against the U-Boat

NATURAL enough is the warning issued by the British Admiralty against premature exultation over the defeat of Germany's submarine campaign. The reaction in public sentiment which would follow a sharp return of U-boat activity is something which the Allied Governments are bound to consider. Yet the most cautious of observers cannot escape the conviction that if the U-boat has not definitely failed it is on its way to failure. When a student of naval problems like Arthur Pollen, who has by no means been an admirer of Admiralty policy, declares without reserve that the submarine has been beaten; when confirmative evidence comes from German sources, not only from Capt. Persius, but from Tirpitz; when the splendid results of last week are checked up by the declining maximum of U-boat activity for preceding weeks, there emerges ample ground for rejoicing.

Especially is there deep cause for satisfaction when we think of our own share in the taming of the submarine. Of the various methods employed in submarine defence the world has a pretty fair notion. The most effective single method for beating the submarine has not been any one of the brilliant devices put forth on the spur of the moment by fertile amateur minds, but the undramatic device of destroyer patrol. The addition of our own naval resources to those of Great Britain and France began to show immediate results. We need not believe that the American navy is winning the naval war for the Allies singlehanded. Unquestionably, Great Britain has added enormously to her patrolling fleet. The increase of more than 70 per cent. in British naval tonnage since 1914 has been for the greater part in the smaller and swifter units. Japan has helped in the Mediterranean. Yet the measure of American coöperation has been such as to drive home

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the emptiness of the German boast about the war being over before America could get into it.

The efficiency of the destroyer patrol has undoubtedly been increased by the development of the depth bomb. We take it that the mine-field barriers, reinforced by British submarine scouts near the exits of the German bases, have been strengthened, this being perhaps the primary purpose of the frequent bombardments of the Belgian coast and the minor collisions between small units which have taken place in that region. Floating nets with electric connection for signalling the contact of a U-boat have been useful. But probably second only in importance to the work of the destroyer has been the aeroplane. Its scouting function has been recognized from the beginning, and it has only been a question of bringing into play as large an aerial force as possible. May not the repeated refusal of the British Government to yield to the demands for reprisals for German air raids be largely due to the consideration that the aeroplane might be used to much greater military effect over the sea than in the bombarding of German civilians? On the defensive side we have the remarkable development of convoy; according to Sir Eric Geddes, 90 per cent. of the ships on the Atlantic now sail under escort.

It is not excessive optimism to balance all these affirmative considerations against the bare possibility that the decline in submarine effectiveness may be part of a deep German scheme. Just what alternative course Berlin may be engaged upon it is hard to conjecture. It is not likely that a U-boat armada is being marshalled for an attack in force on the British fleet. It is not apparent what use Germany could make of the U-boats in any plans she may be developing in the Baltic. The more likely supposition is that Germany's efforts in other fields have simply weakened her submarine resources. The naval operations in the Gulf of Riga may have drawn heavily upon the personnel that was available for submarine warfare when the great German ships lay idle. Something may be allowed for the reported spirit of unrest among seamen in the face of perilous and exacting submarine duty. But it is not derogatory to the achievements of the Allies if the failure of the submarine should come as much from a slackening of German effort as from actual Allied operations.

Looking back to the start of unrestricted submarine warfare last February, we may once more bring up the question whether those men at Berlin who knew best really expected the U-boat to achieve the speedy downfall of England, or whether the U-boat was only subsidiary to land operations from which the greatest results were expected. The idea may have been not to starve out England, but to hamper the supplying of the armies on the Continent. In the Mediterranean and the Balkans the Germans may say they have largely succeeded. They did bring the Allied effort in the Balkans to a standstill by exacting a heavy toll on transports in the Mediterranean. They made difficult the shipping of coal to Italy, and so fomented general discontent in that country which undeniably helped to sap the morale of the Italian army and prepared the way for the disaster on the Isonzo. These were military objectives worth trying for. The sole question was the cost. Events have shown that the cost was excessive. The longed-for decision has not been obtained in the Mediterranean and will not be obtained in Italy even if matters go worse for the Allies. On the other hand, America was brought into the war. We have reasons for suspecting that both as to the real object of U-boat war and its probable cost Berlin deceived the people.

The Food Outlook

ENCOURAGING as are the many indications that this country is gradually awakening to the seriousness of the food problem and beginning to do its share towards helping the National Food Administration, it would be a great misfortune if anybody should thereby be misled into believing that all is well, and that we can assume with our easy American assurance that this difficulty is solved. While there is no need for being unduly alarmed, so far as our own country is concerned, when we look abroad the peril of the situation is not to be overestimated. This is daily being demonstrated by the moving appeals that come to us from across the seas. From Finland we have the news that the people are on the verge of wholesale starvation and are now subsisting on a bread made largely of an edible bark. From France the news is far from satisfactory, despite the fact that food seems to be fairly easy to obtain in Paris. The latest figures show that the wheat production is off 50 per cent., and that the entire crop of foodstuffs is short 35 per cent. Earnest appeals have just come from the French authorities for more food—requests the more difficult to comply with because the Italian emergency has diverted many ships that would otherwise be available.

The truth is that the whole Allied world and the neutrals are now looking to the United States for help as the bulwark against world-wide famine. Sweden is issuing a bread ration 25 per cent. below that given by Germany to her people. In Denmark and Norway there are not six months' supplies on hand, so that there is danger that, as Sweden is being drawn nearer to the Germans because of the receipt of Rumanian wheat, these other neutrals will have to place themselves under obligation to the Central Powers if we do not speedily act. Switzerland and Holland are wholly dependent upon us, and the inability of Great Britain to move wheat from Australia intensifies the difficulties facing Mr. Hoover, whose critics ought not for one moment to forget that he has tackled a problem greater than that undertaken heretofore by any single man. To him a dozen nations are coming as their one hope to preserve their people from actual starvation. When, therefore, we read in the dispatches that Mr. A. C. Townley, the organizer and head of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, declares that less wheat by 25 per cent. may be planted in the Northwest for the coming year, it is impossible to avoid a feeling of alarm, all the more because it is now officially admitted in Washington that the Administration has given up hope of starving Germany out.

That the suffering there is intense everything goes to show. It is freely admitted that the weaker elements in the population are perishing. The deaths are far exceeding the births in such cities as Munich, and a life-insurance newspaper is quoted as saying that the mortality at home is about as great as at the front. In Leipzig, the other day, a girl of twelve and a boy of fifteen were sent to jail for two and seven days, respectively, for the heinous offence of altering their food cards so as to get a larger allowance. Their pitiful plea that they did so only because they were

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driven to it by hunger was disregarded. But the contemplation of the price the German people are paying for the wickedness of their rulers in no wise helps the rest of the world, save as it contains a warning of what may come to us if every nerve be not strained to economize not only for the benefit of other nations, but for such unfortunate victims of the war as the Jews in Palestine, the Armenians, and the Poles. Never have American citizens turned a deaf ear to humanity's needs, and never was there a clearer case for the necessity of self-sacrifice in order to benefit others. In a recent speech before the London School of Economics, Prof. Sidney Webb asserted that if peace were to come suddenly and unexpectedly—and he insisted that it would—the world would be forced to face "a most dangerous shortage," of which signs were already visible. The wheat stocks of the world, he declared, have been reduced to the smallest amount ever known, so that there will be a shortage of one pound of wheat per day per person, while flocks and herds are greatly diminished—as is particularly the case in Denmark, whose magnificent herds are now being deliberately destroyed, and in Belgium—while the pig is "rapidly disappearing." Metals, coal, hides, timber, and all building materials will be, this prophet avers, at famine scarcity when the war ends.

Now, it is not necessary to accept all of this as beyond debate to realize that there is much truth in it, for, when one-eighth of the world's population is engaged in non-productive work, the strain upon the remainder is not to be avoided. If peace should come to-morrow, the period of demobilization would be long and trying. It would take two years at least to return all the members of the British army to their homes and to muster them out, and for economic reasons it is well that the task will require some time, for there is bound to be a great deal of unemployment when the soldiers are first returned to civil life. This will add to the difficulty of getting the world back to normal economic conditions after the fighting ceases. Hence, Mr. Webb urges that we should make preparations now to "revictual the world if we are to avoid a shortage developing into a famine." Indeed, much suffering will be averted by so doing, provided the immediate objective is not lost sight of. While agricultural conditions in England are improving, Sir Arthur Japp, the Director of Food Economy, loses no opportunity to urge upon his fellow-countrymen the need of economy in every direction, with very frank admission of the existing world shortage of food. For Americans, we repeat, there is no subject so vital and no field for activity so fraught with benefit to humanity.

When Bosses Fall Out

THE death of State Senator McNichol, one of the best known of Philadelphia's array of bosses, will benefit, not the reformers, but the Republican bosses of the anti-McNichol or Vare faction. He was more formidable to them than any group of mere respectables. In fact, the only victory that the decent citizens of Philadelphia have won in recent memory followed one of the most bitter internecine contests that the Republican organization of that city had ever seen. Perhaps Blankenburg would have been elected six years ago anyway, but there can be no question that his chances were not injured by the primary struggle between the Vares and the Penrose-McNichol combination, a struggle that, ending in success for the latter, left open wounds among those who had forgotten more about real politics than most of their non-partisan opponents had learned or guessed. Defeat of one faction in the primaries, with defeat of the other in the election, would naturally encourage a reunion, lest the spoils be lost permanently. But there was no hurry about a peace. The fight was carried to Harrisburg, where Gov. Brumbaugh was claimed, and with good show of reason, by the Vares, while Penrose had to exert himself to retain control of the State. In the Mayoralty election of two years ago, the two factions did come together and won back the ground. But Mayor Smith has turned out to be pretty much of a Vare man, and the war was renewed at the primaries a few weeks ago, with sensational results.

There is much that is dramatic in our politics, but surely there are not many spectacles more dramatic than that of the great body of voters looking on at a genuine combat between rival wings of the army of their bosses. Our interest in the outcome of such a contest is thoroughly legitimate. We do not particularly count, but who can contemplate the rise or fall of a Platt, a Lorimer, or a Penrose without emotion? And since their rise and fall so often depend not upon the voters, but upon the politicians around them, we have just the degree of detachment requisite for an interested but not painful attention to their ups and downs. How well the biggest of them understand us used to be illustrated by Quay, who, when clouds threatened, was in the habit of announcing that he would sacrifice himself by taking the nomination for Governor instead of giving it to a lieutenant, and so save the party. Happily, this never became necessary. But even this master always had his troubles in the metropolis of the State that he held in the hollow of his hand. Republican politicians in Philadelphia took advantage of their local influence to drive hard bargains with the "old man." His successor they have treated even more cavalierly.

But the factional fighting that Pennsylvania has long witnessed is not the most engrossing sort. It is like trench raiding or the swaying back and forth of the battle line without prospect of a break. The height of the drama is reached when a powerful sub-boss tries for a "decision." The whole country had a thrill when it became evident that Platt had been pushed from his seat by Odell. A boss dethroned by his Prime Minister—what could be more exciting? Everybody wondered how the thing was done. Unfortunately, bosses have almost no literary inclinations, despite the fact that a single frank volume of their recollections would place them beyond the need of doing any more work. But the fact of the change was undeniable. The Republican bosslets were no longer doing homage to the Easy Boss, and they were taking orders from the man whom they had long been accustomed to regard as his representative. Nor were the voters much slower to recognize the *fait accompli* and to act upon the well-established political principle that a boss *de facto* is a boss *de jure*. Hanna's triumph in Ohio, while as complete, was won by different means. What Odell did by a *coup d'état* was possible for the ambitious Buckeye only after one of the bitterest battles ever fought upon even that well-fought field. Nor was he so much supplanting a boss as making himself an overlord of petty chieftains.

Occasionally the mere voter may be directly affected by a change at the top, or even have a hand in it. This was

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true in the first deposition of Lorimer. Men on the inside went about whispering to their acquaintances that the latest fight against the Blond Boss was being engineered by one of his shrewdest lieutenants, and that therefore victory was not impossible. In Philadelphia, it is an old trick for a machine leader to announce his disgust with his associates and his conversion to reform. Reformers welcome him as a man who can show them how to fight the devil with fire, but when the battle has become sufficiently hot, the leader returns to his old camp with the reward due a captain who knows how to put the screws upon his general. Yet the rebellion in Chicago and Illinois was genuine. The most prominent deserters of Lorimer had winked at his methods rather than defended them, and were thus able to arouse the decent element of the party against him. As the occasion chosen for the struggle was the first direct primary for State officers, and as Lorimer was backing one of the candidates, the lines were definitely drawn and the humblest members of the party had a real opportunity to say who should lead it. But this made the spectators participants in the battle, and almost any boss would prefer to make his fight for supremacy without interference by outsiders.

We Are All Publicists Now

NO observant reader of the newspapers, or of current periodicals and books, can have failed to notice the increasing and increasingly loose use of the word "publicist." Everybody who writes for the press is, of course, a publicist, willy-nilly. It takes an heroic newspaper man to deny the soft impeachment. For have we not the authority of the historian, Green, who gravely wrote, years ago, that "the hacks of Grub Street" had been "superseded by publicists of a high moral temper and literary excellence"? But the distinction is nowadays recklessly extended. In the obituary of an obscure member of the Legislature you will discover that he was a well-known publicist. Candidates for office are described as publicists. And in a local newspaper you will learn that our admired fellow-townsman, Horatio Potts, who has just been appointed secretary of the State Food Commission, is a man who makes speeches at school commencements, occasionally drops into poetry, and is a publicist.

It is a good and necessary word, but it ought to be used more discriminatingly. To throw it around promiscuously only blurs and cheapens it. The practice seems to be that when you cannot think of any other word by which to describe a man's indefinite activities, you give it up and call him a publicist. Originally, as any one who wishes to air his learning may take it from the Oxford Dictionary, publicist had a definite and restricted meaning. It was reserved for those who were authorities on "public" law, writers on the law of nations, and the like. Then crept in the "loose" usage. Anybody who wrote or spoke about public affairs came to be dubbed a publicist. It was only a question of time when the dam would give way and the word flow in all directions and be made to cover every kind of talent, or the lack of it. "You are a publicist, aren't you?" said a deeply impressed lady to a man who was conscious of no distinction except that of earning his daily bread by his pen. "I may be, madam," he replied, "but I assure you that I couldn't help it, and I will not let it happen again."

It is late in the day, we admit, to protest against the careless and inaccurate use of words. Language is fluid, especially so under the hand of a people not too fastidious in the employment of the tools of speech. Surprising modifications, or transformations, in the meaning of words are all the time being noted by scholars. Some of the variants drop by the way, some finally win a place in accepted usage. Jealous guardians of purity and precision in English have, confessedly, a hard time of it. But the case is somewhat different when it is a question of plastering a defining word on all and sundry. That process not only makes the term vulgar, but robs it of all its point. "All these new Saints," said a devout visitor at Rome, "make me distrustful of the old." And the free-and-easy conferring of the title "publicist" upon every chance correspondent or magazine writer or member of a School Board, is almost an attack upon the vested rights of men like Lieber and Mill, Woolsey and Bryce. We are all sovereigns, of course, and one man is as good as another, if not a great deal better, but we really can't all be publicists, any more than, as the ward politician said to the college professor at the nominating convention, we can all be angels.

Laurier Versus Borden

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, Canada's "Grand Old Man," is seventy-six years of age, a French-Canadian by birth, a Catholic by religion—dangerous facts in a war year when the campaign is running along racial lines and the question of war-time efficiency is to the fore. But when he offered his resignation to his party associates the other day it was indignantly declined amid evidences of affection and goodwill to hearten the most indifferent. When Sir Wilfrid reached Quebec for the first time after issuing his campaign manifesto the crowd of enthusiastic supporters gathered to meet him was so large and so insistent as all but to imperil the safety of the man they acclaimed. They saw the same high-bred personality, the familiar aristocratic face with eyes undimmed by age, the whole personality bespeaking a vigor that belies the years the biographical dictionaries attribute to him. For French-Canadians there is but one leader. Recently an American entering Canada was held up by an inspector and threatened with detention because he happened to be born in Germany, as Mark Twain put it, "during the temporary absence of his parents." The inspector, whose accent was unmistakable, was obdurate until he asked the traveller what was his mission in Canada. "To call upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier," was the reply. *"Sir Wilfrid?"* The inspector fairly bowed to the ground and hastily said: "If you have come to see Sir Wilfrid, the doors are open," in exactly the tone in which a Papal Guard might have apologized for stopping the prelate closest to the Pope. No mere sovereign could inspire the obvious reverence of this inspector for the veteran of Canadian politics.

Granted his popularity among the French-Canadians, what are his chances of success in the election now coming on and what are the issues to be decided on December 17? The prime issue is conscription—a conscription forced on Canada, Sir Robert Borden says, because he promised it to the Canadians in the trenches in France; a conscription, so a Conservative minister privately states, forced on

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Canada by pressure from Washington, which did not like the voluntary system so close at hand after its decision to conscript; a conscription, so others believe, ordered in the interest of British Imperial aspirations when Sir Robert was in London. If Washington really desired this step, it cannot be happy at the attitude taken by Sir Wilfrid, who from the moment the issue was raised decided to take the democratic way of finding out what the people really desired without being content, as Washington was, to impose involuntary military servitude from above. It was because of this policy that the political truce which had existed since the beginning of the war was broken by Sir Wilfrid, who has now gone to the voters declaring that if he receives a majority he will hold up the enforcement of the conscription law until he has taken a referendum upon the question of compelling Canadians to fight in France. Whether one agrees with him or not, no one can deny that this is the democratic way of doing things and that in being able to go before the people directly on this issue the Canadian statesman has shown that the Canadian political system is in this instance far more democratic than ours.

Sir Wilfrid has, of course, made it clear that he is upholding the war and intends to see it through. No one questions his patriotism. But he can point out that before conscription was decreed there were 7,000 enlistments a month of the ten thousand said to have been necessary and that the difference could easily have been made up had there been a regular enlistment campaign undertaken. Sir Sam Hughes, turning upon his old associates of the Cabinet, charges them with having deliberately tried to discourage voluntary enlisting in order to create a situation favorable to conscription. He is hardly unprejudiced, but he or any other opponent of conscription can show that the net result of enforced service so far is to bring on an election, to divide the country still more in the face of the foe, and to make a large section of the people feel that the tremendous sacrifices made by Canada in men and money are not being appreciated, although they have brought her so nearly in sight of financial straits that it is difficult to find any statesman who can see how the country is to be financed if the war should last much over a year longer. Canada is obviously not jumping at conscription, for 47.17 per cent. of those in the first class warned for service have not registered, and of those who have five-sixths have claimed exemption. While it is the custom to say that only the French-Canadians are opposed to conscription, these figures seem to show a different state of affairs.

Sir Wilfrid is not, however, restricted to one issue; he has a number of points of attack. When Borden set out to risk an election he apparently determined to stick at nothing to win it, so he passed a franchise act which many who have hitherto been friendly to him do not hesitate to call the worst juggling with suffrage rights ever beheld on the American Continent. First it enfranchised those women merely who had relatives at the front, in the obvious expectation that they would all vote for him. If any Canadian woman who has been working for the war by day and by night happens not to have a male relative, she has no vote. Next it gave the vote to all soldiers in the Canadian service, some of whom the Hon. Charles Murphy alleges do not even know where Canada is. There are thousands of Englishmen from Mexico, the West Indies, and other colonies in the Canadian army. They may not only vote; they are entitled to say in which county their vote shall be counted, thus making it easy for their superiors to throw their votes into close districts. All conscientious objectors to war are disfranchised. This makes a man's vote depend upon his holding certain views as to killing human beings which his Government wishes him to hold, thus opening the way, perhaps, for a later bill disfranchising those professing a religion repugnant to those in control of the Government.

Then, disfranchisement was extended to all citizens of enemy birth or of "near-enemy" extraction. All Quakers, the Doukhobors, and the Mennonites, whose religions forbid participation in war, thus lose their suffrage, as do all Ruthenians, Austrians, Hungarians, Germans, and Turks. Among those thus disfranchised are men whose sons are laying down their lives in France for Canada. The Ruthenians who have been powerful allies of Western Canadian Liberalism feel this discrimination particularly, because they have never been especially friendly to either Austrians or Hungarians and one has yet to hear of their conduct having been blameworthy. But Sir Robert wants them out of the way and, as in the other cases, he rules them out *en masse*, without stopping to find out where the sympathies of the individual are or what he has done for Canada since the war began; he may have subscribed thousands of dollars to the Victory Loan—it makes no difference. As in the case of the conscientious objectors, the real motive was apparently not to protect the country, but to get rid of everybody who might be suspected of the high treason of not desiring to vote for Borden. Even the Toronto *Globe*, an ardent advocate of conscription, had to call this act a "betrayal of democracy," and it might have added that it is a solemn breach of contract between the Government and thousands of its citizens whom it lured to Canada with the distinct promise of an inviolable suffrage and citizenship, if they would settle there. If this act does not, by itself, defeat Borden, it will be simply because in war time the Canadian sense of fair play and justice is temporarily in abeyance.

Similarly indefensible is what is usually called the Canadian Northern "steal"—the proposal that the Government shall at this grave crisis in its history take over this railway, the carrying of which has proved too heavy a burden for one of Canada's two great financial groups, and pay for certain shares which it has had the right to acquire without cost.

While this is still pending, the proposal has violently antagonized many who would otherwise be in the Borden camp. Again, the grave profiteering scandals recently unearthed have roused the women who are being besought to save and to conserve in every direction. These came to a head in the exposure of Sir Joseph Flavelle, lately the head of the Imperial Munitions Board. In this capacity, Sir Joseph had rigidly cut down the prices of munitions. Then it appeared that his own firm, the William Davies Company, which deals in foodstuffs, last year made profits amounting to $1,827,494 on a capital of $2,000,000. It is pretty hard to talk food economy to the heads of households in Toronto who recall a speech by Sir Joseph early in 1916, which contained the picturesque text: "To hell with profits." Each week brings out new scandals in Government bureaus, those relating to the Militia Bureau being highly sensational.

Moreover, there is no questioning the general imperialis-

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tic trend of the Borden Government. Now, there is a marked reaction in many circles in Canada against the closer alliance with the mother country which this war is believed to foreshadow. It is, of course, an exception to find a man of the standing of Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., openly publishing a book in behalf of an independent Canada. But there is a surprising amount of feeling that Canada will go into no war hereafter of England's making unless she receives a voice in the conduct of imperial foreign affairs and a widespread determination to insist that Canada shall be more rather than less independent of England hereafter. M. Henri Bourassa has, of course, jumped to pick up the gage of imperialism which Sir Robert threw down. The leader of the French-Canadian Nationalists insists that the war is essentially a European and not a Canadian affair. If it be true—as they are told by England—that Canada is menaced in this war, then the Canadian seaboard should be fortified, its waters mined, submarines built, and its troops assembled at strategic points to repel invasion. They feel that until this is done it is treason to Canada to deplete the country of men, money, and munitions.

M. Bourassa refuses to be seduced from his Nationalism either by the accomplished facts or by Imperial patriotism. He sees British advisers, singly and in groups, assuming an increasing control of Canadian affairs; he deplores the rapid exhaustion of Canada's credit, and he views with ever-growing alarm the formation in London of committees for the exploitation of Canadian resources in the Imperial interest. To M. Bourassa and his followers, the continuance of Sir Robert Borden's method of participation in the war means Canadian bankruptcy, Canadian suicide—and the degradation of the defunct Canada to a place in the Imperial ossuary. It is doubtful if any constituency in the province of Quebec will return a Borden supporter. It is still more doubtful if the dispassionate logic of the Nationalist attitude will appeal to those in Quebec, and in the other Canadian provinces, who with memorable zeal already have given their all to the cause they hold sacred in this war. It was M. Bourassa's defection from the Liberals at the last general election which made Borden's success possible. Hence his support this year is of great moment.

Plainly, the electorate of Canada is not confronted by a simple situation. Many will find it difficult to decide which programme offers the best opportunity of winning the war and conserving what will then be left of Canada. To prophesy as to the outcome would be folly. No one in New York city foresaw the enormous protest vote against our militarist Mayor or believed that the State would go for woman suffrage by nearly 100,000; no one can even guess whether there are similar underground currents of liberalism and radicalism at work in Canada. On Borden's side is the prestige of having carried on the war thus far. He has the Government in his power and the election machinery has been remodelled to suit him; he has executed a clever manœuvre in forming a coalition Cabinet and getting some well-known Liberals to serve with him on the eve of election. The press is overwhelmingly on his side and the don't-swap-horses-while-crossing-the-stream argument as well. More than that there is a tremendous under-the-surface appeal for a line-up of Protestants against Catholics, of Anglo-Saxons against the Gallic stock, and this appeal will count for a good deal for Borden.

On the face of things, the odds seem to favor him, but this is a year when men's minds are open to change, when every kind of unrest and uneasiness desires expression, when radical movements everywhere are gaining ground by leaps and bounds. If there is nothing in Laurier's programme to seem radical to Socialists, if Laurier himself has frequently lapsed into imperialism, as in the Boer War, he is himself still the great Liberal leader. Certainly Americans will have no cause for regret if he is elected; they cannot fail to recall his steadfast friendliness to "the States" and how he went to defeat in 1911 on the issue of reciprocity, which would have been so advantageous to both countries. More nearly than Sir Robert he represents the prevailing political trend in the United States, at least as it was at the Presidential election last year.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

China and Future Peace

THE agreement between Secretary Lansing and Viscount Ishii is not a treaty, it is an exchange of views as to our present attitude and the purpose of our future policy respecting China. The structure of the document should be borne in mind in any discussion of its provisions, for, while it is important as a pronouncement, it is not final in committing our country as a covenant.

The United States has thus far maintained a fairly creditable attitude towards the nations of Asia. It has remitted indemnities for injuries received in wars and tumults, it has proposed, in the "open-door" idea, the safest formula for international procedure thus far enunciated, and it has abstained from acts of aggression and reprisal; and, while it is true that we occupy the Philippines, we have declared that we occupy the islands for the good of the people and are committed to a definite assurance of independence when they are prepared for self-government—a promise that no other Power has made to its dependencies. The motives of our policy can thus be estimated from our record in the past. To rehearse the story would be too great a task for the present paper, but Americans have no need to apologize for that record as it stands. We appear, however, to other nations to maintain an attitude of benevolent aloofness in Asia and are regarded as impractical because we have never had to face the risks and penalties of defending a valuable stake there. Thus far, indeed, America has hardly felt the gain or loss of its foreign commerce outside of Europe. As an asset in our economic life the trade with China is potential rather than actual, and for this reason we are accused of playing with rather than promoting intercourse with Asia.

Times have changed. In the reconstruction of the world's affairs soon to begin there will come a desire on the part of debt-laden Europe to exploit China which is likely to make its previous efforts to this end appear like the sigh of a late-Victorian lyric. America with its great resources expects to be busy with the rest of the world in rebuilding the waste places of Europe. It will be so because it produces the raw materials and possesses the machinery for the job, but it will lose its anticipated profits in this process if it has to expend much of its strength in defending the men and mines across the Pacific. Now in spite of some promise of recuperation China remains to-day the great derelict among nations; she retains the germs of her ancient vitality and is capable of recovering her ancient place in the world,

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but she does not quicken by herself. Is there any possibility that she will do so in time to save herself from European aggression? She remains, then, a temptation to a stricken and avid group of nations which will certainly prove to be irresistible. No one of them, it is hoped, will be in a position to seize her by itself, but there is enough for all. The temptation presented will be the chance to agree upon the division of China and then to exploit her piecemeal, as was openly proposed by Europeans in 1898. China may be justified in regarding herself as a fine nation, but for the moment, at least, she is helpless. She becomes, therefore, an object of solicitude all the more serious in proportion as her friends admire the breadth of her past culture and the promise of her future. The United States cannot afford to trifle with a situation like this.

If in this brief presentation we comprehend the attitude of the Administration towards China it ought to be easy to divine the purpose of the agreement under consideration. It seems to involve (1) a desire to secure as a partner for the preservation of China's autonomy the power most deeply interested in China's fate as a living political organism, and (2) the conclusion of such arrangements as may be effected before the economic competition following the war becomes intense. A discussion of these two propositions involves an array of evidence too complicated to be handled in a single article, but a few points may be adduced before passing to a consideration of the reaction to be expected in China itself.

Japan's concern in a possible passing of China is so considerable, and her ability to enforce her legitimate aspirations there so formidable, that some working agreement with her upon the matter is obviously necessary. She has proved herself to be a first-class Power, we must treat her as a first-class Power. If her stake in China is as great as that of England in Belgium we must regard her interests there as important in a diplomatic sense as those of England in Belgium. What justifies the island empire in one continent should be held to justify the island empire in the other. She proposes an insurance of her natural rights in the adjoining continent of Asia coupled with a self-denying ordinance as to infringing the independence of annexing the territory of her neighbor. We are reminded, moreover, of our own assumption of a right to prohibit foreign interference in the two continents of America. There have been miserable suspicions of indirection between our two countries, and these combined with the aggressiveness of individuals and a tendency to secretive methods common in the East have aroused a distrust of Japanese proposals among Americans. Unhappily our treatment of Japanese in this country has given them cause for offence on their side. A *rapprochement* has been hard to reach, but the need was seen to be pressing and, fortunately, the discovery that the mishandling of these matters and the resulting ill-feeling have been the work of German agents in the past sweeps away any distrust that may remain. The situation clears at once. As a Government Japan has lived up to its contracts, its sense of honor is so keen when the national reputation is concerned that it may be trusted not only to keep an agreement, but to respond loyally to the faith reposed in such a negotiation as this by a generous construction of its terms. With a people like the Japanese a presumption of good faith, if honorably pressed, is a better argument than the menace of pains and penalties.

The fitness of Japan as a partner in such an understanding will probably be conceded by those who are not prejudiced against her. The second item—the need of a settlement before Europe can obstruct our pacific purpose—may not appear to be so obvious, but it is fundamental. Japan stands, in a sense, at the parting of the ways in her history. She is bound either to expand her domain further and take the consequences in defending her acquisition against all comers, or to develop and grow rich upon what she already possesses. The first of these alternatives represents the aspiration of the Jingo element, which perceives the possibilities in an immediate advance upon China; the other is the sensible policy of wiser minds in control of the Government, who realize the risks of such an enterprise. It is idle in this moment of exultation to warn the chauvinists of Japan that the risks are appalling and to recall such historical analogies as the failure of England in the Hundred Years' War. While all of Christendom is engaged in this great conflict it is physically possible for Japan to occupy the northern half of China; Kiao-chou already lies in her hands as a kind of pledge for fair treatment in the coming peace parleys. If she wants to use it as a base for further advance it has immense strategic value, for it means the Shantung promontory and its resources of coal and iron as well as control of the Yellow Sea. Rather than surrender it to a European Power she would try to hold it against all comers, and it is difficult to see how any one could wrest it from her now. But if China's integrity is guaranteed to her satisfaction she has another use for it; she could then afford to hand the place back to China and win the gratitude of a people who do not forget benefits. To resist the determined pressure of the military element in Japan who are intoxicated by the opportunity offered them the Government proposes an arrangement to safeguard the peace of Asia and the future of its own nation. By obtaining our consent to their claim of paramount interest in the Far East the Elder Statesmen can still the clamor at home in behalf of a forward policy, while binding themselves to abstain, with the rest of the world, from land-grabbing in China. But the need of a settlement is immediate; if we fail to meet her half way and the appropriation of half of China by Japan becomes a *fait accompli* at the end of the war, it may be useless for Europe and America to intervene.

So far as China is concerned in this arrangement there is ample room for speculation as to what her public men may think of it, but thus far no trustworthy reflection of their opinions has reached us. Some of them will fear a loss of face; others, equally patriotic, will feel relief at the safeguarding of their territory, believing that nothing could be worse than the terrible anxiety of China's present predicament. The foreign press there is reported to be generally adverse to the agreement, insisting that "Japanese paramountcy cannot be tolerated." We should be cautious, however, in accepting foreign newspapers in China as representatives of Chinese thought; many of them are conducted by extremely able men who sympathize with Chinese aspirations for an honorable place in the civilized world, but there is a tendency among them to interpret the Chinese mind by Occidental standards. On questions outside of their own *hsien* and *fu* problems only an infinitesimal minority of the inhabitants of China have any opinions whatever. National politics are conducted by the limited group of educated men whose profession for the most part is the getting and keeping of administrative posts. These office-holders and their opponents, the "outs"—with no conception of political principles except that of *beati possidentes*—

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have been coerced more or less since the Revolution by the military governors, who were pretty well kept in hand by Yuan Shi-Kai, but who, since his death, have been steadily gaining the mastery in the country. The situation conforms to the traditional course of events in China after the fall of a dynasty, when a period of anarchy was terminated by the success of one of the aspirants for the supreme position. If he had the ability to enforce obedience and conduct the Government in conformity with ancient standards of rule, his line was established; if not, the turmoil was renewed. In the long annals of the Chinese Empire there has been no pretence of participation by the people in their Government. In such a political past it would be hard to see how the masses of Chinese people could ever find an expression of their ideas that might properly be called a public opinion, nor do we see how a country can safely be left in these parlous days to determine its place in the world until it has a majority of its adults educated to deal with such problems.

As we examine the actual political condition of China to-day the parties and provincial groups which assume leadership in the nation are found to have very little strength when compared with the military men who are actually holding China in the old-fashioned way until some one of them succeeds in winning the familiar game of lion and unicorn. This does not mean that democracy and the Returned-Student body are not already valiant and effective. They are prepared for a noble struggle, but what are they among so many? Thus far they have been neither united nor wisely led; they have not impressed themselves as the solvent of the crisis upon the masses who cannot think in the same terms with them. Meanwhile in this state of unstable equilibrium the military leaders, aware of their impotence in the face of foreign aggression, hesitate to plunge the country into renewed civil war; and this ought at all hazards to be averted, but upon how slight a thread hangs the prosperity of millions at this moment! Under these circumstances it is futile to apply the political shibboleths of the Western world to China. She cannot be made safe for democracy until she understands what democracy on a national scale means, until her people, by the exercise of self-restraint and the abolition of ancient and approved methods of political corruption become worthy of the institutions of representative and responsible government. When they reach this stage of development we can reasonably inquire as to the response of public opinion from Chinese citizens.

We have called China an object of solicitude. She will become, through the jealousy and the indifference of the Western Powers, the most dangerous storm centre in the world after a European peace is concluded. Here is a case so desperate that any attempt to remedy it bristles with difficulties, but a departure from our accustomed attitude of platonic regard and *laissez faire* would seem to be imperative. America has the prestige of a long and disinterested friendship with China, yet she has interfered in her behalf before this; she is accused of interfering again—this time in conjunction with the arch-enemy. We may not succeed at once in setting up effective guarantees for her preservation, but in attempting this protective measure we need not fear the lasting resentment of China because we have obtained the coöperation of Japan. America and Japan happen to be the only nations possessing resources sufficient to command attention and assist financially in raising a derelict state from her debasement. It is useless to pretend that we can frustrate Japan by half-measures; she has the trump cards in her hands already. Happily she understands the value of friends and the danger of an isolation like that which confronts the Teutonic nations; she recognizes the loss to be expected from a cut-throat competition over the exploitation of China in the coming generation; she appreciates the solidarity of sentiment among Christian states that invents the slogan of the "yellow peril," and is willing to make common cause with them against the intrigues of hostile forces which would render that peril a real menace to civilization. Under international conditions, as they are this year, foreign leadership in Chinese politics is not the danger to be immediately considered, it is the preservation of China herself. This is the first consideration, for, with China in a state of anarchy, there is no prospect of peace in the future.

F. W. WILLIAMS

The Proper Interpretation of the Agreement

WRITING of Japanese policy in 1895, just after the conclusion of peace between Japan and China, Count Tadasu Hayashi said: "What Japan has now to do is to keep perfectly quiet, to lull the suspicions that have arisen against her, and to wait, meanwhile strengthening the foundations of her national power, watching and waiting for the opportunity that must one day surely come in the Orient." The opportunity came with the European war, and it is a matter of history how Japan seized it. The Lansing-Ishii agreement just concluded is one of the last steps necessary for the consolidation of the new Japanese position in the Far East.

The convention that has been concluded has the merit of at least defining the position and policy of the United States in the Orient. But the importance of such a definition will depend largely on the interpretation given in the future to specific clauses in the agreement.

In the first clause the United States "recognizes that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, and consequently the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous." Japan's special interests from the standpoint of propinquity are, first of all, in Manchuria, because of its geographical relationship to Korea. For the same reason the Japanese interest in Shantung promontory would be included in this recognition, although before the war this territory was included in the German "sphere." The agreement must be taken as a specific recognition of the Japanese claim to Kiao-chou Bay and the German interests in the territory along the railway from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, the capital city of the province of Shantung. These German interests also include preferential rights in any railway construction in the province, and the right to first consideration if any loan is made for the development of the provincial resources. This clause, then, concedes the special interests of Japan in the territory contiguous to Korea, which has been a Japanese possession for a period of seven years. Korea, of course, became a Japanese province because of the working out of this same principle of propinquity. The control in Korea was necessary to Japan in order that the safety of the islands

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might be assured. The lengths to which this principle can be carried are shown by the fact that Japan claims special interests in Eastern Inner Mongolia on the ground that Japanese interests in Manchuria can only be protected by a Japanese advance into Mongolia. Each advance of her special interests seems to demand a further advance to protect what has already been secured.

In the south, the Japanese "sphere of influence" is to be found in Fukien province. Japanese interests must be recognized there because of its territorial relation to the island of Formosa, which came to Japan as a result of the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-5.

Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and Fukien, then, are the places where Japan professes to have special interests because of territorial propinquity. This, excluding Mongolia, comprises approximately the same territory in square miles that is included in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The other special interests of Japan in China, which would not be based on the claim of propinquity, are of a very recent growth. Before the war the Yangtse valley was considered as much a British sphere of influence as Fukien was Japanese. But Japan has been attempting to get a foothold there, as witness her inclusion of certain privileges such as joint Sino-Japanese ownership of the Hanyehping holdings near Hankow, in the 1915 demands. Japan's need for iron is going to cause her to continue to develop the idea of special interests in the Yangtse valley.

In introducing the policy of the "open door" in 1900 Secretary Hay tried to develop a substitute for the "sphere of influence" idea that had formerly prevailed in respect to China. It is true that in asking the adherence of the Powers to this policy Secretary Hay did not forget that to the various Powers had already been granted certain privileges in the various parts of China where they were staking out their "spheres." But in the communication addressed to the British Government, identically with the Governments of the other Powers, it is stated that, "while the Government of the United States will in no way commit itself to any recognition of the exclusive rights of any power within or control over any portion of the Chinese Empire, under such agreements as have been recently made, it cannot conceal its apprehensions that there is danger of complications arising between the treaty Powers which may imperil the rights insured to the United States by its treaties with China." Though here the Government of the United States only refuses to recognize exclusive rights, while now it recognizes special interests, it is a question whether complications might not arise over the gradual extension of "special" into exclusive interests. At any rate the Powers agreed (in 1899-1900), in an exchange of notes with the Department of State, to base their future policy, not on "spheres of special interest" for each state, but on the common interests of all.

The Root-Takahira agreement of 1908 was a reaffirmation of this policy, subject to the modifications made necessary by the Japanese advance in Korea and South Manchuria after the Russo-Japanese war. This agreement was based on the *status quo*. Recognizing that the Japanese interests which had been created by the war must not be molested, each nation agreed to observe the principle of the open door and to respect the existing condition. That status was most seriously upset by the concessions made to Japan and the agreements entered into as a result of the 1915 negotiations, confirming the Japanese overthrow of Germany in China. It has also been disturbed by such disputes as that at Chengchiatun, and the Japanese demands resulting from it. These changes that have taken place since 1908 provide the *raison d'être* for the Lansing-Ishii convention.

The American Manufacturers' Export Association, in a letter* to Secretary Lansing, stated that "writing on May 15, 1916, the chairman of the committee on foreign relations of this Association pointed out that it had been learned by the members of this Association that present indications pointed to the fact that Japan, taking advantage of the occupation of the other world Powers with their own affairs, was about to take strong measures in carrying out her designs with respect to China *in a manner which seriously threatened the interests of American trade and promised to nullify the 'open door' policy to which Japan, in common with other Powers, was committed.*" While the State Department wrote the Association with a view to allaying its fears, as set forth above, the letter goes on to say that the reports of the Chengchiatun negotiations had revived those fears. "The demands, while not fully disclosed by the newspaper reports, are sufficiently appreciated by this Association to warrant its belief that they may have as their object the *extension* to other (than Manchuria) parts of China *of especial interest for Japan, and result in the exclusion of American prestige, and the handicap to the extension of legitimate American commercial interests in the former country.*" The same letter says, "The history of Japanese activities in Manchuria is the history of the almost complete loss of American trade." Controlling the South Manchurian Railroad since 1905, it has been easy for Japan to establish her commercial supremacy in Manchuria. The weapons used were preferential rates for Japanese merchants, and hindrances of all kinds to American and European trade by holding up shipments of goods, etc. What Japanese policy in the future is to be in Manchuria may be guessed from the fact that the South Manchurian Railroad has just recently been merged with the Chosen (Korean) Railroad, and placed under the direct control of the Governor-General of the territory, secured by lease from China by Russia, which was turned over to Japan after the war of 1904. The following statement taken from the Daily United States Consular Reports, date of October 3, 1917, is significant. Speaking of the merging of the two railways the American Consul at Antung writes: "The differentiation of Manchuria proper, at least along the railroad, from the leased territory on the (Liaotung) peninsula will grow less and less as time goes on."

What Japan means by her "special interests" is illustrated further by her continued attempts to force China to grant her a monopoly of the manufacture of munitions, giving her at the same time control of valuable and greatly needed iron and coal properties. The recognition of her special interests, from the Japanese point of view, means that if America wishes to tender advice to the Government of China, as she recently did, or to support American financial interests trying to get a foothold for railway construction, for instance, Japan must first be consulted. The recent uproar in the Japanese press over the American note to China last summer is sufficient evidence of this, as is the opposition of the Japanese to the Siems-Carey construction projects. It must be, however, that

*Published in *Far Eastern Review*, November, 1916. The italics are mine.

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the Japanese Government has offered convincing proof to the State Department that its policy in the future will show the proper respect for the equality of trade and commerce which this agreement, like the Convention of 1908, provides for.

The other provision of note in the Lansing-Ishii convention provides for the maintenance and guarding of the independence and territorial integrity of China. In the same way did the first Anglo-Japanese agreement, that of 1902, provide for the maintenance of the independence of Korea. But granting, as we must, in view of the terms of this agreement, that Japan does not desire to take control of China as she did of Korea, does not every recognition that Japan or any other country has "special interests" in China (when those special interests involve control for certain purposes over Chinese territory, or advisory rights to the Chinese Government) constitute a limitation on Chinese sovereignty, and thus a limitation on the independence of the country? HAROLD MONK VINACKE

Impressions of Moscow

CHARMING, for all its strangeness, when seen at night, or from a distance, Moscow is without charm, in spite of its strangeness, when seen clearly and by day. Built, like Rome, on seven hills, it radiates outwards, circle beyond circle, from the central height of the Kremlin; the old, or "Chinese town," heaped within its white wall, cut off sharply from the "white town" of shops and public buildings and large houses, which dwindles into the first ring of dusty boulevards; and from this the "earthen town" stretches to the outer ring of boulevards; and then the suburbs begin, vague, interminable, and seeming, long before they have reached the ramparts which close in the thirty-six miles of the city's circumference, to have passed into the open country. Like everything in Russia, it is by its size that it first impresses you. Vast, vaguely defined, so casual in its division of time, of day and night, full of heavy leisure, unoccupied space, this city, next to the largest city in Europe, has much of the aspect of some extraordinary village, which has sprung up about a citadel. Its seven hills have done something to leave more than usual of the open air about it, in wide, windless spaces, brooded over by the wings of innumerable pigeons. Everywhere are vast, unpaved squares, surrounded by a rope of twisted wire, stretched from post to post, or by temporary wooden railings, propped up at vague intervals. Cross the river by the bridge which lies between the Kremlin and the Church of the Saviour, and you will see, between weir and weir, ducks floating on the water, a ferryboat waiting to take people over, red figures paddling by the banks, or wading across with tucked-up trousers or petticoats; clothes being beaten on a row of planks which stretch from the dusty shore to the queer little sailing boats moored in midstream. Everywhere you will find trees and water and width, the fields even, of the real country. And the life of the people, the arrangement of the houses, have the characteristics of village life: these houses, often one story high, rarely higher than two stories, built often of wood, like log-huts, and with a wooden palisade in front of their strip of garden, or wide, dusty court, in which one hears the flutter of fowls and the gabble of white turkeys. Outside, on the irregular pavement, a sound like an army marching; the cabs, laboring slowly at full speed, are like the primitive vehicles of old-fashioned folk in the country. The markets, which on so many days of the week cover with stalls, and stacked carts, and heaped baskets the vacant squares and open spaces of boulevards, are like villlage markets; and the people themselves, with their red shirts and top-boots, have the air of people who till the soil.

Set in such a frame, itself at all points so strange in shape and color, the Kremlin and the churches, with their glittering domes, on which the symbolical Russian cross has made a footstool of the crescent, are but the last in a series of shocks with which the inexhaustible city greets one. All Moscow is distorted by eccentricity; the hand of a madman is visibly upon it. Not only the unfortunate architect, but, I doubt not, the incalculable brain of Ivan the Terrible, gave its insane discordancy to the church of Vassily Blajenny, and that church, with its vegetable nightmare, its frantic falseness, its rapt disequilibrium, as of a dancing dervish whirled at last into fixity, is but the extreme symbol of all that attempts to be elaborate or ornate in Moscow. The Kremlin is like the evocation of an Arabian sorcerer, called up out of the mists and snows of the North; and the bells hung in these pagan, pagoda-like belfries seem to swing there in a last paradox, as if to drive away the very demons that have fixed them in mid-air. The church of Vassily Blajenny, in which few styles of architecture are not seen in some calculated or unconscious parody, is like the work of a child playing with colored squares and cubes and triangles; its originality is that of a caricature; nowhere does it approach beauty, except in the corner porches to the doors, and in a certain conventional pattern, Turkish in design, which runs round a portion of the base. False windows are set to break the order of any surface left plain; not a line is allowed to flow, but every line must be tortured, broken as if on the wheel. The domes, of copper and painted lead and three-cornered tiles, are made to suggest the distortion of natural, growing things, pineapples, pears, lemons, artichokes; they bristle with knobs, they bulge into excrescences; twisting upwards into a knot, for the most part in coils of alternate colors. The whole structure is a series of additions, and every addition is a fresh start, carried out without relation to any other portion; with an actual care, indeed, that there may be no repetition, no balance, of window or gable or dome or platform or turret. Within, there is a like confusion of little chapels, eleven in number, their walls cut into brief lengths, set at odd angles, painted in bright gold, and covered with the pictures of saints; a narrow passage, like the secret passage in a Gothic castle, leads from chapel to chapel, running round the outer edge of the building; so narrow that you can only just walk in it, so low that the roof is almost upon your head; and these walls are painted in heavy lines and patterns of green and red, with squares and knobs roughening the surface. The chapels, you would think, were themselves low, till, looking up, you see a shaft rising to a great height, from which a large painted face, seeming to lean over from the midst of the dome, looks down at you with outspread hands.

Russian architecture, which has set up for the worship of God these monstrous shrines, which might seem to have been built for Vishnu and Krishna, has its origin, certainly, in the East; but it has preserved only the eccentricity of the East, without its symmetry. The art of the East is like Eastern music, obeying laws to which our eyes and ears

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have no response. But it has its origin in real nature closely observed and deliberately conventionalized; while Russian architecture, which seems to proceed from an imaginary assumption to an impossible conclusion, has no standard of beauty to which its caprices of line can appeal, but presents itself rather as a wildly inhuman grotesque, without root in nature or limitation in art. All the violence of the yellow, Mongolian East is in these temples, which break out into bulbs, and flower into gigantic fruits and vegetables of copper and tiles and carved stone; full of crawling and wriggling lines, of a kind of cruelty in form; in which the gold of the sun, the green of the grass, and a blue which is to the blue of the sky what hell is to heaven, mock and deform the visible world in a kind of infernal parody. When these lines run into finer shapes, and these colors melt into more delicate harmonies, they are still too full of mere curiosity, too odd, to be really barbarian. Ornament is heaped up with the profusion of the barbarian, to whom wealth means display; color must decorate color in one unending series, as sauce sharpens sauce in Russian cookery; line must envelop line until arabesque has become entanglement; height and breadth alike extend themselves, for their own sake, and not for the emphasis which they may give, the elaboration they may permit, to a great central idea. Structure is but a series of accretions, whose aim is to be unexpected.

Yet, abandoning oneself to their fantasy, what pictures these domed and turreted walls, these zigzags of sharp color, make against the sky, glowing with heat, dashing off the rays of the sun as from many shields and helmets, coming up like strange growths from among the trees, pointing into the sky with lifted hands and outspread fingers! There are certain old Burmese-looking towers on the walls of the Kremlin where the green of the spires is made by an incrustation of small green tiles, shaped like leaves, and with slightly crinkled edges: one might fancy almost an actual coating of leaves. The crenellated outer walls of the Kremlin, with their wing-like and open battlements, with just room enough to fall through in the space between wing and wing, might hold all the Arabian Nights in their midst; and their many gates, which might have been built by Crusaders who had come from among the Saracens, seem to await strange pilgrims, who have crossed the green desert in cavalcades, with their horses and mules laden with treasures. Moscow, indeed, seems to have been consciously arranged for atmospheric effects by some cunning artist in stage scenery. Against certain dull skies, seen even in summer, the gaudy blue of domes softens to a real fineness of tint; and how effectively that blue must be set off by the leaden skies of winter, thick with snow! From the Krasnaia Square at night the little dingy row of trees settles like hanging foliage upon the red wall of the Kremlin, draping its unshaded brightness with a veil of delicate green. Green roofs and walls, against the soft green sky which sometimes hangs over Moscow after sunset, harmonize daintily; and on certain late afternoons I have admired the new, lowered colors of white towers, turret above turret, their angles outlined with green, which in that light looks like green moss on an old ruin, or upon actual crumbling rock.

But Moscow's most elaborate escape from itself is in the fortified convents, surrounded with high walls, with embrasures and loopholes for cannon, warlike towers at every corner, in which all monks and nuns used to hold their own against robbers and Tartars: you still see the cannon, lying rusty under the porches. The oldest of these convents is the Novosposky, far off in the east end of Moscow, near the river and the timber yards; built in the fifteenth century, it holds a bell-tower and five churches within its walls, among the trees and garden paths; and some of its mural paintings are the most tolerable I have seen in Moscow. But it was the smaller Strasnoi Convent which gave me the most delightful sensation, as I found my way into it by chance, one burning afternoon, as the bell was calling from the pink church in the midst of the garden, inside the high pink walls which enclose that little world. The garden, full of trees and paths, was bordered by white, one-storied houses, out of which nuns and novices came stealing, in their black habits with hanging sleeves, the veil tightened around the chin, under the tall, black, almost Saracen head-dress. Lay sisters were working in the garden-beds, carts passed slowly along the narrow paths between the trees, birds sang, gray cats moved quietly about, and as I sat there, among these placid people, leaning back against a tree, with a shadow of sunny leaves above my head, Moscow, its noise and heat, seemed shut off as by a veil of quiet, the deep buzz of the bell overhead being but like the sound which is nearest to silence in a summer forest; and the world seemed once more a place of possible rest, in which it was not needful to hurry through the sunshine.

ARTHUR SYMONS

Correspondence

When Consistency Is Folly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Consistency is an academic virtue and highly prized. And it was because I saw it in the logic of my friend and colleague, Professor Cass, that I read and reread his letter in last week's *Nation*. There is something so exquisitely fashioned in his appeal for free speech, its logic is so plain and its whole nature so delicately interwoven with the ideals of democracy. But even Socrates was able to point out that perfect consistency—not in an academy—in a democracy would lead to democratic confusion, when there would be no longer even democratic legs to stand on. Surely Mr. Cass remembers the tiresome and endless discussions in faculty meetings, after a motion had been put and the courtesy of the presiding officer had been greater than his judgment. And are not all, or at least many, of our discussions and demands to be heard and counted after the roll has been called and the count settled and the die cast, and cast by a perfectly obvious democratic appeal to the nation—are not they a little out of order; and is it not the better judgment to do as we did in faculty meetings, take our coats and hats and proceed to our offices and lecture rooms and act upon the measures we had passed?

But our state just now is not exactly allegorized by a faculty meeting. There are matters of some vital moment at stake, and not a few lives. Why jeopardize the whole undertaking by now calling for the consistency of the library and classroom?

It is curious how we habitually confuse democracy as a means and democracy as an end. Even Professor Cass has done this. There is a time when a democracy should be an open debate, and a time again when action is the word. It cannot be both at the same time and be efficient, as a modern instance can prove. And when once a clear and democratic answer has been given to a question at issue, and the

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answer involves the entire and unselfish coöperation of the whole nation, then for a minority to stop and discuss or to ignore the answer, when to clog the whole-hearted action of the state is to invite misunderstanding and disaster, then the democratic demand for free speech becomes a mere academic demand for consistency.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico, November 10

BOOKS

The Two Voices

Pros and Cons in the Great War. By Leonard A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Out of Their Own Mouths. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1 net.

IN this country the backgrounds of the war have not yet been brought close enough to the minds of the people. There are still many who know little about the causes of the struggle, the characteristics of Germany at present, or why we entered the conflict. With some, it is lack of opportunity for knowledge; with others, indifference. Some are shallow of heart; others shallow of mind. It is not long since a scholar publicly asserted that he saw little difference between British blockade and German submarine terror. There are those who consider it good service to bring clearly to their fellows all aspects of the matter at issue, and much effort is given now to furnish information in usable form and distribute it as widely as can be. Some of it is sent out by public or governmental committees, often working with members of the Historical Association. Something also is being done by individuals, as in the case of the volumes reviewed here.

The first of them is a little dictionary of information about the war, largely comprising short extracts and quotations. It resembles the handbooks and lexicons issued in England when Home Rule and Suffrage sought wider attention. Dictionaries are usually dull for extended perusal, but one may spend much time among these pages. In alphabetical arrangement are many of the things which a student would look for: as atrocities, balance of power, Belgium, commercial rivalry, the Entente, envelopment of Germany, false news, the Hague Conventions, hatred, Italy, Kaiser, *kultur*, Middle Europe, militarism, navalism, Pan-Germanism, Poland, prisoners, right of search, the United States, and the causes of the war. There is evident attempt to be fair, and the book very largely contains hostile opinions, with some arguments in opposition, and some comments by the editor himself. In other words, a simple statement is given, largely by Germanist writers; and that, in the result, is sufficient. An excellent bibliography contains a long list of contemporary writings upon the war, which the ordinary reader would never know of. It must be said that the numerous pieces out of which the book is made have not always been well put together, and that haste or carelessness leaves not a few ridiculous misprints and errors.

The second book is in character much the same, though its purpose is entirely limited to revealing the ideals and sinister intent of our enemies through citation of things they themselves said, and certainly no more terrible condemnation could be given. We doubt whether all the case is apt to be presented fairly in this manner. It is so easy to omit, and it may often seem most proper to omit a great deal favorable to the enemy, but not pertinent to the point to be proved. The loud utterances of the rash and irresponsible are more apt to be taken than the calmer sayings of the moderate, while often the commonplace and sober cannot be given because they were never published or never attracted attention. Nevertheless, we think such an enterprise is worthy and useful, for our people cannot understand too clearly the evil against which we make war. This volume contains utterances of German rulers, statesmen, publicists, learned men, party leaders, journalists, soldiers, and men of affairs. It is based partly upon two preceding collections of the same kind: the French compilation, "Jugés par euxmêmes," and Grumbach's "Das annexionistische Deutschland." The extracts are well chosen, and the translation is interesting and clear. Mr. Thayer contributes an introduction. Some members of the historical fraternity have criticised the spirit of his recent contributions to this subject, but all in all, we think his interpretation comes nearer to the truth than the passionless manner of those who at no time feel strongly, because never do they understand deeply.

The introduction asserts that there is a beast in every man, that the Prussian system has for long striven to unchain this beast, incite it to fury, and give it free play during war. Cruelty and mendacity are the principal attributes of Prussianism now. Cruelty has characterized Germans since the earliest times. We think it very difficult to make correct judgment relatively as to this, but in respect of the second evil it is certain that the two heroes of modern Germany are Frederick the Great, who held no oath sacred; Bismarck, who altered the Ems dispatch and was master of all deceit. The contents of both these volumes, and particularly the second, contain much to make good these assertions. And they have also a great deal to show that many a German has cherished as mad a greed and insatiable ambition as the gods of old put into the souls of them they destroyed.

"If there is anything to be gained by it, we will be honest; if deception is necessary, let us be cheats," wrote Frederick. "I understand by the word 'policy' that one must make it his study to deceive others." "I begin by taking; later I shall find pedants to show that I was quite within my rights." In a copy of Tacitus is his marginal note: "No ministers at home, but clerks. No ministers abroad, but spies." A century passed, and we have Bismarck relating with quiet and pleasant pride how he struck out some parts of the King's answer, so that "the dispatch had quite a different aspect," and how Moltke and Roon feeling certain that this would deceive the French and make them enter unprepared into a war for which these Germans knew themselves ready, "We went on eating with the best of appetites." "You were quite right to trust us," said William II to certain Belgians in 1911. It was not long before his Government was unable to say whether it would keep its promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium, lest part of its strategic plan be thereby revealed. And the meaning of this willingness to trade upon uncertainty about keeping its word was seen very shortly, when just as German representatives in Brussels were repeating assurances that Belgium had nothing to fear, German soldiers were about to enter the country. It was as their professor, Lasson, said: "There is no legal obligation upon a

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state to observe treaties . . . despite all treaties the weak is the prey of the strong, as soon as the latter has the will and the power." "All written constitutions are only scraps of paper," said Frederick William IV. Treaties are such with his successor.

The cruelty of Germans in this war and the utter heartlessness of their leaders before it are such terrible things that one would willingly not write of them, except that they must be told and retold beyond possibility of being forgotten, until the end has been made. "O my brethren. . . . Become hard," spake Zarathustra. Treitschke said: "For the sake of the Fatherland the natural sentiment of humanity is to be suppressed." Well was this lesson learned as the years went by! "The soldier must be hard," wrote Gen. von der Goltz. "It is better to let a hundred women and children belonging to the enemy die of hunger than to let a single German soldier suffer." Alas, in what manner was this done in Poland! Clausewitz believed that introducing moderation into the philosophy of war would be absurd; and about the time that the Hague Conferences were attempting to ameliorate war which they could not abolish, the "German War Book" lamented that the last century had been dominated by humanitarianism. It was by steeping himself in military history that the officer would be free from such weakness. So the Government proceeded to detail how hostages were to be taken and civilians forced to assist the enemies of their country, how contributions might be levied, prisoners be killed, and any device used for achieving the object of the war. And in secret were made ready with excellent care liquid fire to char the faces and sear the eyes of their enemies, and poison gas to burn out their lungs slowly with torment of hell. There is also the dreary story of the treatment of prisoners. No one who has read about it will forget the fever, the filth, the lice, the savage dogs, the rubber whips, the hopeless, trembling captives of Wittenberg. Nor will one cease to remember the story of Quedlinburg, where the starved and desperate Russian prisoners were tortured with the sight of a tub of soup, from which the Germans "joyously drove them back with sticks, bayonets, and sabres." When cruelty was joined with hatred and fear the degeneracy was still more terrible and profound. "Any one who cannot bring himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania . . . such an one we deem no true German," said Pastor Baumgarten; and Professor Flamm suggested that neutral ships should be destroyed without leaving trace. It was Goethe who said, "The Prussians are cruel by nature; civilization will make them ferocious."

The inordinate pride, which led to ugly feeling of superiority, then to heartless indifference about the rights and feelings of others, and last to insatiate greed, is a strange and fearsome thing. Woltmann was in earnest when he wrote in his "Politische Anthropologie": "The most distinguished men in modern spiritual history were for the most part Teutons of the full blood, such as Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Voltaire, Kant, Wagner. . . . The numerous busts of Julius Cæsar show a thoroughly Teutonic type of skull and of face. Alexander the Great was of . . . Teutonic type of skull and face. . . . The entire European civilization, even in Slav and Latin countries, is the work of the Teutonic race. . . . Papacy and Empire are both Teutonic organizations for domination, meant to subjugate the world. The Teutonic race is called to circle the earth with its rule, to exploit the treasures of nature and of human labor power, and to make the passive races servient elements in its cultural development." And Lasson, once unquestionably eminent, wrote at the beginning of the war: "We are morally and intellectually superior to other nations; we are without equals."

So great a people must do and take as best it deems. "The German people is always right," said Tannenberg, "because it is the German people and because it numbers 87,000,000 people." He it was, in that baleful book, "Grossdeutschland," who laid down as part of the conditions to be exacted from a defeated France, that, after she had ceded territory and removed Frenchmen therefrom at her own cost, had given up her fleet, and, save Algeria, had renounced her colonies, she must enter into a subservient treaty of commerce with Germany, cede the ownership of the loans which she had made to Russia, and pay to greater Germany thirty-five billions of marks in cash. Now this would mean reducing all the French people to a permanent condition of economic servitude, in which they and their children's children to times remote would toil in poverty to pay annual tribute to their masters—like serfs or coloni of other days. It would mean the slow and lingering death of all that has made the grandeur of France. It is amazing that in time of peace such a book could be written, for it was done in 1911, and that any one could calmly write of the overthrow of an entire people and of keeping them in permanent misery and degradation thereafter!

John Morley, Liberal

Recollections. By John, Viscount Morley. 2 Vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

THIS work provokes reflection in the reader, and one of the questions he finds himself asking is wherein lie its peculiar appeal and charm. The volumes do not easily submit to classification. They cannot be slipped off-hand into a waiting pigeon-hole. What Viscount Morley here gives us is not autobiography, though there is a dash of it. It is not history, though it contains stuff of which history is made. Nor is it philosophic comment on the pageant of his own time, nor literary appreciation, nor personal character-sketching, though all of these and other ingredients are readily savored. It is in the happy blend that his pleasure-giving art is concealed. The whole is a kind of highly intellectualized vaudeville—no monotony, frequent changes of scene, fresh modes of waking interest, constantly but most naturally adopted, interludes, digressions, all coming trippingly from his pen. And the book is absolutely drenched in literature. We refer not alone to the recurring apt quotations—Morley is as great a quoter as Emerson, who, by the way, is one of his steadfast admirations. Nor are we thinking merely of the formal citations from a wide range of authors, placed at the head of divisions and chapters. It is more the indirect and "allusive" literary quality of these pages that piques the reader's attention. He is all the while detecting haunting voices. Phrase or adjective or happy concatenation of words is forever tempting him to seize pencil and write on the margin, "Coleridge, Burke, of course, ah! the tomb of the archbishop in the Cathedral at Toledo," and so on. Morley is so deep in the best that has been written that of it his style is inwrought. He has "the glory of words" wherewith to adorn his substance, in itself of surpassing interest.

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One thing stands out like a church-spire: John Morley had an extraordinary talent for friendship, and he heeded Dr. Johnson's injunction to keep friendships in repair.

"Why don't they come to see me as they do you?" Rosebery once asked him, speaking of the rank and file of the Liberal party. Morley pointed out that Rosebery was hard to find disengaged, etc. "It's not that; you are sympathetic."

He must have been, markedly. For the most diverse intellects and characters were drawn and bound to him. Positivist or agnostic himself, he moved easily in the intimacy of a great churchman like Gladstone or a Catholic like Lord Acton. Morley had a way of laying his mind alongside a differing soul. Mill and Meredith and Joseph Chamberlain and Parnell and Sir Alfred Lyall and Frederic Harrison—these are but samples to show his range of association. And with workmen at Newcastle, dour Presbyterians at Montrose Burghs, and the Irishry, he seemed to get on as well as with scholars and statesmen. The by-product of this ability to put himself inside the skin of others is offered us in these volumes in the shape of a series of personal vignettes, surprising in their variety, their insight, their impartiality, and justice. And the thing is not done in formal effort, as if one should say, "Go to, now, I will paint you a finished portrait," but in a kind of genial aside. He hears, for example, that Sir William Harcourt is no more, and proceeds in a few swift brush-strokes to show you the kind of man that was gone. His long friendship with Joseph Chamberlain—a friendship maintained despite radical political differences—enabled Morley to put on record a characterization of the Birmingham leader so illuminating, so fair, so rounded that a monograph could not tell one more. On his trip to the United States in 1904, Morley saw a good deal of Roosevelt. The President's versatility, his dynamic quality, his direct way of saying what came into his head, and of going after what he wanted, did not escape his English guest. But going away, Morley quietly remarked: "His political premises and axioms, as I ventured to think, came from overpowering energy of physical temperament rather than from firm and exhaustive ratiocination." Surely, a child among ye taking notes! Morley was often with Mr. Carnegie, and while not blind to crudities and vanities in him, yet perceived that the man had a "spacious feel for the great objects in the world," and could pardon the rest. All through, in fact, Viscount Morley approves himself as a sound and sagacious judge of men.

Writing with entire freedom of the political events in England of thirty years past, in which he played so worthy a part, Morley betrays no secrets, sets down no bitter verdicts. His serenity and restraint are out of the common. Good taste, simplicity, modesty, quiet humor lead the reader on chapter after chapter until he comes to have unbounded confidence in his guide. Letters are printed, diaries cited, conversations retailed, but the greatest care is taken to trample on the feeling of no one living, or of friends of the dead. Not that the narrative is made colorless. Piquant sayings star many a page. Good stories are not taboo. Morley has a keen eye for the absurd and for all kinds of humbug. But ill-nature seems to have been left out when he was made, and no one can lay down these "Recollections," as no one could lay down the same writer's Life of Cobden or of Gladstone, without feeling that he has been in contact with something large and fine.

Many, we suppose, will turn eagerly to these volumes to discover what Morley has to say about the war. All know that he resigned office in August, 1914, as a sign of disapproval of his Government. Since then he has maintained silence. He does not break it in these volumes. Only an occasional and incidental reference is made to the great struggle, and that without irritation or bitterness. Yet we cannot help thinking that Morley intended this work of his to have its significance as bearing on his attitude towards the war. Without directly condemning it, he sets forth the ideals of statesmanship which would have prevented it. It is a record of enlightened and consistent Liberalism which he puts before his readers, leaving them to draw the moral. Justice, conciliation, belief that bad government is the chief cause of bad citizens, open-mindedness, fair play, sympathy for the oppressed everywhere, a heart attent to the strivings of the inarticulate classes—such were the watchwords and motives of Morley's public life. He was true to them as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and as Secretary of State for India. Sedition and even assassination did not lead him to abandon his principles. After the Phœnix Park murders, which threw so many Liberals into dismay and panic, Morley was calm and steady. He wrote at the time a letter to his alarmed friend, Lyall, which is compact of the Liberal gospel. Take these few sentences:

"I don't agree with you that the first duty of governments is 'to protect life'—if you mean that they are to think of nothing else at the same time. Such talk is merely in principle the talk of George III and Lord North—'We must preserve the authority of the British Crown and Parliament; we won't parley with rebels; let them surrender and then we'll see.' 'No,' said wise men like Burke, 'conciliate them.' . . .

" 'What sort of a lesson,' you ask, 'are we teaching the dangerous classes in India?' You mean that we are to bully the Irish in order that you may bully the Indians. Well, that's not my notion of the fitness of things. . . . I have the very liveliest objection in the world to making the dangerous classes of India the arbiters in the domestic struggle of our own country."

There speaks John Morley, the Liberal, and these volumes are throughout a kind of high bearing of testimony to his political faith. It may seem a still small voice in the midst of the hurricane of war. But it is a voice that will swell to thunder tones when the war is over. And one cannot but sense the serene and indomitable spirit in Morley, confidently expecting the vindication of his ancient Liberalism, whether it come in his lifetime or no. Meanwhile, he seems to be saying to himself in these volumes:

> My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
> Judge not the play before the play is done.
> Her plot hath many changes; every day
> Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

More Lincoln Letters

Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Now first brought together by Gilbert A. Tracy. With an Introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

EDITORS and publishers, however industrious or well-informed, have long since learned how difficult it is to make any edition of the "complete writings" of a public man more than approximately complete; but even they may well be surprised that Mr. Tracy should have collected

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nearly three hundred and fifty letters and memoranda of Lincoln, the larger number of them hitherto unpublished anywhere. Happily, perhaps, for the historian or biographer, the majority of the pieces which make up the present attractively printed volume are of relatively minor importance. For the most part brief and informal, the correspondence of this group relates chiefly to Lincoln's law practice, appointments to office, routine departmental business, and the like; yet it is not without interest as showing Lincoln's friendly attitude towards all sorts of people, as well as his natural simplicity and directness of speech. Other letters, also for the most part brief, illustrate his early experiences in politics, and his readiness to take a hand, if only it could be always a fair and honorable one, in the political game.

On the more important question of Lincoln's career as President and party leader there are a number of letters quite worth having. Writing to John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, on December 22, 1859, he said: "I should not care to be a candidate of a party having as its only platform 'the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws.' 'The Constitution,' *as we understand it,* has been the shibboleth of every party or malcontent from the Hartford Convention that wanted to secede from slave territory and 'the Blue Light' burners who were in British sympathy in 1812, to John C. Calhoun and South Carolina Nullification. The Union we intend to keep, and loyal States will not let disloyal ones break it." A month later, in what he averred was "the longest letter I ever dictated or wrote," he skilfully dissected the State-rights views of Alexander H. Stephens, and concluded: "I am not in favor of a party of Union, Constitution, and law to suit Mr. Bell or Mr. Everett and be construed variously in as many sections as there are States."

Lincoln's purse was slender, and his candidacy in 1860 made heavy demands upon it. He could not see his way (March 16, 1860) to help directly the Senatorial aspirations of his old friend Mark W. Delahay, in Kansas, from lack of the necessary acquaintance; but "if you shall be appointed a delegate to Chicago, I will furnish one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip." "Mr. Seward," he wrote in April, referring to the approaching Republican convention at Chicago, "is the very best candidate we could have for the north of Illinois, and the very worst for the South of it." Apparently (p. 140), he would have preferred McLean if the latter had been ten years younger. He did not conceal from his friend Lyman Trumbull his hope of winning the nomination. "As you request," he wrote, "I will be entirely frank. The taste *is* in my mouth a little." Aside from the Illinois delegation, however, he did not look for solid support at first from any State. "Everywhere," he wrote to R. M. Corwine, "except here in Illinois and possibly Indiana, one or another is preferred to me, but there is no positive objection." His attitude towards slavery is set forth in two confidential letters to Trumbull. In the first, dated December 10, 1860, when the secession movement was already well under way, he wrote: "Let there be no compromise on the question of extending slavery. If there be, all our labor is lost, and, ere long, must be done again." On the 17th he added: "It is but repetition for me to say I am for an honest inforcement of the Constitution —fugitive slave clause included."

The literary gem of the collection, and an illustration as well of the more delicate side of Lincoln's humor, is a letter of February 3, 1863, to the King of Siam, acknowledging the receipt of two letters and a royal gift, the latter comprising "a sword of costly material and exquisite workmanship, a photographic likeness of your Majesty and of your Majesty's beloved daughter, and also of two elephant's tusks of length and magnitude, such as indicate that they could have belonged only to an animal which was a native of Siam." After noting that the gifts will be "placed among the archives of the Government," the letter continues: "I appreciate most highly your Majesty's tender of good offices in forwarding to this Government a stock from which a supply of elephants might be raised on our soil. This Government would not hesitate to avail itself of so generous an offer if the object were one which could be made practically useful in the present condition of the United States. Our political jurisdiction, however, does not reach a latitude so low as to favor the multiplication of the elephant, and steam on land as well as on water has been our best and most efficient agent of transportation in internal commerce."

Notes

"A FAMILY of Noblemen," by M. Y. Saltykov, is announced for immediate publication by Boni & Liveright.

Harper & Bros. announce that they will publish within the next few days "The Bubble Book," by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson.

Forthcoming publications of Little, Brown & Co. are announced as follows: "Three Short Plays," by Granville Barker; "Marketing and Housework Manual," by S. Agnes Donham; and "Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale."

During November the J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish "The War and the Bagdad Railway," by Prof. Morris Jastrow; "The Training and Rewards of a Physician," by Dr. Richard C. Cabot; "Tales of Washington Irving's Alhambra," by Leila H. Cheney; "Soil Physics and Management," by J. G. Mosier, and "Kiln Drying of Lumber," by H. D. Tiemann.

AMONG the November publications of Houghton Mifflin Co. are "The Cruise of the Corwin," by John Muir; edited by William Frederic Bade; "Seth Way," by Caroline Dale Owen; "An American Physician in Turkey," by Dr. Clarence D. Ussher and Grace H. Knapp; "The Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and Others," selected by Miss Alice Longfellow and Miss Mary Ware, with connecting links of narrative by William Roscoe Thayer; "Modern Water Color," by Romilly Fedden, and "Maxims of the Duke De La Rochefoucauld," translated by John Heard, jr.

Among the publications announced for January 1 by John C. Winston Co. are: "A Series of Readers," by Sidney G. Firman; "The Young American Readers," by Jane Eayre Fryer; "A Series in Community Civics"; "Grammar to Use," by William Dodge Lewis and Helen M. Lynch.

"Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln Bowe," by Ben Blow, is announced for publication shortly by Paul Elder & Co.

John Lane Co. announces for early publication "Form: A Quarterly of the Arts," Number II; "The Smiths in War Time," by Keble Howard; "Wanted a Tortoise-Shell," by Peter Blundell; "Emily Does Her Best," by Mrs. Tremlett.

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MR. K. K. KAWAKAMI wields a facile pen, and his forte is as an American publicist. In the preface to his "Japan in World Politics" (Macmillan) he tells his readers that he early dedicated himself to the great task of social uplift and became so enamoured of socialistic ideas that he "adopted, the Christian name of the immortal author of *Das Kapital*"; hence the double K. of his initials. Coming to this country with these socialistic ideas, which, as he states, were nothing if they did not mean internationalism, he was soon disillusioned. He found that Socialists in Europe and America, when they pledged themselves to internationalism, were thinking only of Europe and America, and treated the East as a negligible quantity. So he has tried to become morally and mentally an American citizen, and to plead for international justice, although the laws of this country do not permit him to become a citizen. While clinging to international Socialism in theory, he has thus ceased to discharge his duties as a Japanese subject, while unable to function as an American citizen. The triple base does not provide a very sure political focussing. If he were writing from the patriotic Japanese standpoint, he would remember that Great Britain is the ally of Japan, and as such is to be treated with courtesy and respect. But all the allusions to "England" throughout are as unpleasantly unfair as if they came from a *Zeitung*, and are particularly regrettable at the present moment. If he were writing as a keen-witted American, he would know that the policy of the "open door" enunciated by John Hay has always had British support. To quote from a recent American writer who is intimately acquainted with the international situation in China to-day:

> Great Britain's preference, other things being approximately equal, probably is to maintain the "open-door" and independence-of-China policies. Great Britain was first to advocate these principles, and while at times she has lapsed in observing them, it is likely, having in mind the world-situation after the war, that she will recognize that an enforcement of the Hay Doctrine is the only real promise of a permanent peace in the Orient that is consistent with British interests and prestige and honor. If Great Britain takes this view, then France also will be strongly inclined to accept it.

Seeing that Japan and the United States have been aligned on opposite sides of the question, this writer rightly regards the Anglo-Japanese alliance as unfavorable to British support of the doctrine. It would lead her to return to the old method of "spheres of influence," reëstablished in force by Russia and Japan. But Mr. Kawakami's sentimentalism seems to deprive him of political instinct. And his odd criticism of Professor Jenks's statement regarding goods entering China over the Japanese railway through Korea, "that they enjoy a preference of one-third of the custom charges," leaves us in doubt as to whether he really knows what is meant by the "open door." There is much that is dangerously flimsy in this otherwise timely book.

NO one who uses oranges or lemons but benefits by the fact that California citrus-growers have built up a co-operative organization which has fostered the industry, improved the fruit, facilitated its transportation, and lowered its price; and no one who has studied this organization doubts that it is pregnant with suggestions for general agricultural marketing. In "Coöperative Marketing: Its Advantages as Exemplified in the California Fruit Growers' Exchange" (Princeton University Press; $1.50 net), Prof. W. W. Cumberland has written the history of the Exchange since its beginnings in the early nineties, outlined its methods of work, summarized its benefits, and said a few words —too few—of its pertinence to coöperative marketing in other fields. The body was brought into being by the fact that 95 per cent. of California products are consumed outside the State, and most of them east of the Alleghanies, where in early days market demoralization, the robberies of speculative buyers and commission men, extortionate freight and packing bills, and inadequate transportation conspired to keep Pacific Coast orchardists in despair. Repeatedly startling numbers of growers would report "red ink accounts," a euphemistic way of saying that they had not only produced and given away their crops, but had received bills at the end of the year. Now the associated growers market not far from 40,000,000 boxes of fruit yearly at prices which, while returning a just profit, make oranges cheaper in New York than New York apples. Most such organizations are broken down by the management of impractical, low-salaried men, the inadequacy of fair-weather organization for stormy weather, the production of poor fruit, unfair demands as to prices and grading, the disloyalty of members, and the attacks of private buyers; this has consistently prospered. It consists, essentially, of 8,000 orchardists united into 117 local packing exchanges, each handling fruit on a cost basis; of 17 district selling exchanges, or clearing-houses; and of the central exchange, which, under president and directors, provides market facilities, issues daily bulletins of market information, advertises, owns the "Sunkist" trademark, handles litigation, and maintains an organized selling force of 75 offices and 200 salesmen in the principal European, Canadian, and American markets. Even refrigeration of the fruit is largely in its hands. Professor Cumberland tells his story lucidly and comprehensively. The reader will only regret that he did not expand it and give it the value of its first title unlimited by sub-title, by indicating its relations to the coöperative marketing of raisins from California, grain and stock from the Northwest, dairy products from the Central States, and vegetables from the South.

AS a result of long and painstaking study of the experiences and state of mind of a large number of youthful delinquents Dr. William Healy, director of the Psychopathic Institute connected with the Juvenile Court of Chicago, announces the discovery of a cause of juvenile misdemeanor not hitherto generally recognized. The typical facts are somewhat as follows: A child or young person otherwise fairly normal in character and intelligence falls into habits of stealing or truancy. Punishment is no deterrent. It is found on investigation that these habits are connected in time and circumstance with the knowledge of sex-matters acquired from bad companions, who also sometimes by counsel and example directly incite the misconduct to which the youthful offender becomes addicted. The sex-matters shock, disturb, obsess, but are concealed and repressed. It is on such facts as these that Dr. Healy in his book, "Mental Conflicts and Misconduct" (Little, Brown; $2.50), founds his theory, citing forty case-histories in detail in support of it. The theory is that the mental conflict is the cause of the misconduct, the energy dammed up by the repressions finding its discharge along undesirable channels. To one outside the Freudian fold this theory is unconvincing. The idea of mental conflict is ill-defined, and in the use made of the notion of repres-

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sion lurk many doubtful assumptions. But even granting that, as the author puts it, a "tendency to action is generated through the high emotional import of the original experience and of the mental states superimposed," the question arises, why does this tendency result in habits of delinquency in some cases and not in others? For it may be assumed as matter of common knowledge that many children are exposed to mental troubles arising from sex-experiences similar to those referred to by Dr. Healy, and yet become neither thieves nor truants. The explanation must lie in other factors, which Dr. Healy speaks of as contributory, but which thus turn out to be prime. If this is so, then the facts as reported, which on any view are of considerable psychological interest, all require to be interpreted differently. The sound suggestions given by the author for the treatment of these cases—frank and sympathetic understanding, the establishment of confidences, change of environment, and the like—are in no way bound up with the theory of the mental mechanisms with which he connects them.

COMPSTON'S "The Magdalen Hospital, the Story of a Great Charity" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London; 7s. 6d. net), a history of the oldest penitentiary in England, is a work of love, "offered as some slight contribution to historical studies." It was founded in 1758, "was the first of its kind in this country, and there had been nothing quite like it elsewhere. It was a new departure. The initial success of the institution was sudden and stable, and its good work has gone on without a day's interruption ever since. Over four hundred charities more or less similar to the Magdalen bear witness to the example set in 1758." The founder was one Robert Dingley, a London merchant, and the execution of his plan was "in the hands of a body of merchants, the most respectable in the kingdom." The details of the founding are recounted, and then the various changes and vicissitudes of the enterprise. There are, as a rule, one hundred and twelve young women undergoing training at the hospital, and it "is alive and well." "Possibly," writes the author, "a social order may be evolved from which prostitutes and penitentiaries will have disappeared, but in the meantime there is room for plenty of Magdalen Hospitals." It is well for social workers of the present, which witnesses so many enterprises of a charitable stamp, to have before them the history of such an institution as this one, which has, at any rate, shown its viability, and has continued to attract the interest and inspire the efforts of some of England's most sensible and clear-headed men.

AN excellent essay, somewhat obscurely published in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences (New Haven: April, 1916), is "Rural Economy in New England at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century," by Percy W. Bidwell, the object of which is to clear the way for a study of the changes that have taken place in the rural economy of New England during the entire century. The period selected for treatment is from 1800 to the War of 1812, and the States examined are Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Mr. Bidwell believes, and rightly, that no adequate understanding of New England history can be obtained until the conditions governing the economic life of the people have been traced from the self-sufficient organization that prevailed in colonial times, through the era of commercial agriculture, due to the rise of manufacturing, to the decline of New England farming, owing to Western competition. Competent scholars understand that there is not much use in trying to interpret political and constitutional history until an adequate knowledge is obtained of the circumstances under which the mass of the people shaped their lives, earned their living, met their wants, and developed their aspirations, because these circumstances had far-reaching influence on the manner of conducting government and determining political thought. If one would know New England character one should pay attention not only to the conditions that gave it birth, but also to the factors that modified and transformed it. A paper like this helps greatly to an understanding of New England and the New Englander in the days of the Hartford Convention, and the writer's description of agriculture, commerce, markets (or the lack of them), home life, dress, and furnishings, of the knack of the farmer and the drudgery of the farmer's wife, and of the vices and virtues of an unprogressive, monotonous round of duties, is well worth reading. The account is a little depressing, but there are plenty of bright spots that bring to light the pleasanter aspects of the subject, and show the value of a training which inculcated self-reliance, thrift, and independence. But it is noteworthy that the men thus trained generally made their mark elsewhere, and there are few more significant phases of our history than that which concerned migration from New England, and the careers of men of New England ancestry who became leaders in communities often far from New England soil.

CANADA is seriously concerned over the position of her railways—so seriously that she recently invoked the services of three eminent experts in railway finance and operation, to make a study of the situation and advise as to the future. This Commission by a vote of two to one proposed an elaborate plan involving a trusteeship which seems to approach closely to the substance of Government ownership without the form. William H. Moore, a vigorous opponent of Government ownership, feeling that the "average citizen" has been misled by the "platitudinarians" and the "doctrinaires," contributes his attempt towards the education of the electorate in a book en-

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titled "Railway Nationalization and the Average Citizen" (Dutton). He states that he has been in railway service during the period under review. Whether influenced or not by his daily environment, he has written a tract rather than a convincing, well-balanced essay. His arguments from foreign experience are fragmentary and unsatisfactory. His interest lies mainly in the history of the Canadian Northern and its unfortunate financial experience. This he attributes in part to the difficulties occasioned by the war, and in part to the fact that the construction of this mileage was a great colonizing enterprise, the principal results of which can only be realized when peace is restored and prosperity returns. It is capital sunk, not wasted, and furnishes no argument for nationalization.

National Miniatures

George Creel

WHAT'S the matter with George Creel? I pause for the usual response, but hear none. The crowd seems to feel no great enthusiasm for Creel, though Creel has an enthusiasm for crowds which amounts almost to a passion. And of all the units which make up a crowd, the one he specially singles out for favor is the little fellow, the intellectually and morally undeveloped, the obscure and unnoticed, who might be trampled underfoot if left to nobody's care in particular. This, surely, is a generous instinct. Why, then, does it awaken so little response in the hearts of the public with whom you rub elbows day by day?

Study Creel's countenance, and you read in it at least a key to the puzzle. The first feature that strikes you is his mouth, which is wide, full, rather protruding, and obviously flexible. It would be easy to imagine him, through such a vehicle, making cart-tail appeals to street-gatherings in a "whirlwind campaign." The next thing to claim attention is the depth of his dark eyes, which seem to be drinking in whatever passes before them that is capable of absorption. His nose is large enough to suggest force, and his chin would play a good second to it if his lower lip did not overhang so far as to throw everything below into more or less shadow. His round temples are fringed by abundant hair, brushed as straight back as if his hatless head had been shot out of a big gun, face foremost, with a violence that bored a hole through the atmosphere. The face tells a story in itself, which its wearer's temperamental manner bears out, and to which his conversation and conduct append a suitable epilogue. You no longer wonder at learning that he was born in a Missouri village, but could not endure the narrowness of existence there after he had attained years enough to realize it; nor does it surprise you that he sought relief in so unredeemed a community as Kansas City then was, and, when that had grown too tame, struck out for Denver, as a place more in need of "reforming" than even Kansas City had ever been.

Denver's political activities of those days corresponded, in a way, with its altitude and climate. They were far-reaching, colorful, exhilarating sometimes to the verge of hysteria. Creel was swept along, not with the common current, but in front of it. If he was a radical in Kansas City, he became positively an irrepressible in Denver. The Police Department, for example, appeared to call for overhauling, so he got himself appointed Police Commissioner, and launched his first "improvement" by taking away the clubs from all the members of the force, asserting as a reason that "violence begets violence." He lectured the men also about their treatment of drunkards. "You ought to be especially kind to them," he said, "for they are your best supporters. In order to pay its expenses, including the salaries of the police, the city sells licenses to barrooms, and it is the patronage of the drunkards that enables the barrooms to pay for their licenses. Every time, therefore, you club a drunkard, you club one of your benefactors." This logic, as an explanation of his policy of disarming the police, did not impress everybody in Denver as forcibly as it did its author, and trouble began. His vigorous warfare against the intemperance of the well-to-do and his gentleness towards the overworked and undernourished poor who drank to kill time and discomfort, together with some brand-new notions of how to handle the social evil, aroused the antagonism of sundry personages who had profited most from the reforms he had started, and the very Mayor he had lifted into office, and who had made him Commissioner, removed him summarily.

Meanwhile, Creel had begun his career as a writer. It took him several years to find his proper place in the journalistic and literary field, during which he tried his hand successively at reporting, at humorous paragraphing, and at editorial writing. Finally, when his luck in politics took an adverse turn, he managed to work his way into the magazines and weeklies, and from that point onward he knew where he stood. True to type as a reform enthusiast, he set up idols here and there to worship, easily chief among them being Woodrow Wilson; and in the midst of the last national campaign it was Creel who headed a string of "distinguished authors" in publishing an open letter presenting Wilson to their fellow-countrymen as a paragon of all the virtues in which, by distinct implication, Hughes must have been pitifully lacking. Some other members of the group were just about as "distinguished" as Creel, and a few filed belated objections to the use which had been made of their names; but the incident was set down by charitable observers as merely an overflow of Creel's natural effervescence, for he was prone to carry his do-it-now-and-consider-it-later rule of life into his campaigning methods as he did into his functions as a public officer and into his work as a contributor to the press.

Nobody who had followed his literary trail could forget his strenuous services in procuring, while in Denver, the establishment of the "recall," to apply to the judiciary and to judicial decisions not less than to ordinary administrative agents and operations of the Government; his demand that the I. W. W. should have all freedom to air its so-called opinions in the public places, and his fulsome tribute of admiration to "Big Bill" Haywood, yet his advocacy of hanging as a punishment for the obduracy of sundry State Senators who opposed the progressive measures he was striving to engraft upon the local legislative programme.

That the President, whom he exalted so lustily in print, should have wished to give him some notable mark of favor will not seem strange to any one who recognizes the time-honored custom of partisan politics in this country; but why he should have chosen a writer of Creel's touch-and-go sort to head a bureau of which the most important duty would be to suppress touch-and-go writing on the part of other people, remains to this day as much a mystery as

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ever. For the first six months of Creel's administration the bureau was a storm centre. It performed antics of all sorts; it hammered down rules in generalities only to rip them up again in detail; it laid itself open to attack all along the newspaper front and drew volleys of abuse from Congress. And then—it subsided, as far as sensationalism was concerned. To-day it is addressing itself, and with an effectiveness corresponding to its industry, to the task of an aggressive American propaganda; it reaches into the remotest corners and crannies of our provincial newspaper field, to counteract the subtle and tricky influences of the pro-German propaganda which might flourish there to our national discomfort if allowed to pass unchallenged. Whatever may have been his early follies, he is making up for them now, and as long as he continues in his present path deserves encouragement as truly as he once deserved criticism.

TATTLER

Auguste Rodin

THE death, on November 17, of Auguste Rodin—certainly the most conspicuous, if not the greatest, of modern sculptors—lends a peculiar timeliness to this latest specimen* of the voluminous literature that has already gathered about his name. It is the work of an extreme partisan, a thick-and-thin adorer who can see no fault in her hero, but it is valuable on that very account in explaining the point of view of the artist, and it gives a fuller account than is to be found elsewhere of certain episodes in his life. Also, it contains a very intelligent introduction by Mr. James Huneker, who, though he vastly admires the sculptor in spite of, or one might think at times because of, his faults, yet clearly admits their existence.

Rodin was born in Paris, November 14, 1840, and was therefore a few days over seventy-seven years of age when he died. He was the son of poor parents, apparently of peasant stock, and was early thrown upon his own resources. He became a modeller of ornaments, managed to obtain some training at the Petite-École, and then worked as a studio assistant to several sculptors of more or less talent and reputation. It was by no means a bad education in certain directions, but it did not tend to correct the weaknesses due partly to his temperament and partly to physical defects. He was a man of great strength and vitality, of powerful will, but of no great mental activity. His training all tended to make him a skilful craftsman and he became a prodigiously facile and accomplished modeller. On the other hand, he had no responsibility for the design of the works upon which he was occupied and had little natural designing power, while his shortness of sight tended to concentrate his powers upon the fragment to the neglect of the whole. Mlle. Cladel shows clearly, if unintentionally, that not only in his early work, but throughout his life he was apt to be unaware of what he was doing. He concentrated himself upon some problem of rendering, upon an observed movement of appearance of nature, and only afterwards discovered—likely enough from the chance remark of another—a subject and a title. It was in this way that he produced that Age of Bronze which, exhibited at the Salon of 1877, when he was in his thirty-seventh year, brought him at once from almost total obscurity into a dazzling notoriety. Since then he has been constantly in the lime-light, a new sensation and a new battle being always at hand before the echoes of the last one had died away.

The extreme admirers of the artist will have it that these constant quarrels and explosions, this incessant *réclame*, were wholly the work of the stupidity, the malevolence, and the bad faith of others, and that Rodin himself was a quiet and modest person who pursued his art disinterestedly and conscientiously, thinking only of producing the best that was in him. Yet according to their own showing he was a great revolutionary force in art, sure to provoke opposition from the conservatively minded, and they should be willing to admit the honesty of that opposition. The attacks on the Age of Bronze as being cast from nature were stupid, for it should have been evident to any one that it is impossible to create a work of that calibre by the use of casts; but even if we come to accept the Balzac as a great work of art, we shall still have to admit that the dissatisfaction of those who had ordered it was natural and inevitable. And even if we acquit Rodin of intentional charlatanism and pose, it is impossible not to see that his simple, robust, and instinctive nature yielded to adulation and an enormous publicity—that he came to attach an undue importance to everything he did and to every notion that came into his head. His own writings show him *pontifiant*, erecting his weaknesses as well as his strength into cardinal doctrines of art. And he became more and more willing to accept the laudations of his admirers or his own momentary whim and to perpetuate in bronze or marble some phase of a work in progress through which a different artist would have pushed on to a pre-determined conclusion. Mlle. Cladel tells us how she herself, rightly or wrongly, persuaded him to omit the subsidiary figures from his Hugo monument, though she is indignant at the "absurd advice" of "a band of snobs, full of their own importance," who similarly persuaded him to exhibit his Gate of Hell, in 1900, without the greater part of the sculpture intended for it. His ready yielding to this "Parisian aviary," as to Mlle. Cladel herself, shows his lack of certainty as to the design and his almost exclusive interest in the bits—the fragments. The Gate of Hell remains unfinished, as it has long been prophesied that it would do. The Burghers of Calais was put together at the last moment from figures separately studied and, apparently, in a different arrangement from that originally intended.

The Age of Bronze, since re-baptized The Man who Awakens to Nature, was a conscientious and deeply studied piece of realistic modelling—the careful reproduction of a young and well-made model in an accidental attitude. It is in its way an indubitable masterpiece, but a masterpiece of realism only. Rodin's next work was the St. John Baptist, and this began in the same way as a study from life and without any idea of what the subject would turn out to be. But in this figure a certain violence begins to be evident, a liking for ugliness, a delight in awkwardness of attitude, an exaggeration of clumsiness in the hands and feet, a rage for character at any cost, which perhaps reached its height in The Burghers of Calais.

All these works were intended for bronze. In Rodin's work in marble another element comes into play. He had been fascinated by Michelangelo's unfinished works, and especially by the roughly hewn figures that used to play a part in the rockwork of the grotto in the Boboli Gardens. The mystery that envelops them in their present state,

**Rodin, the Man and His Art.* With Leaves from his Note-Book. Compiled by Judith Cladel and translated by S. K. Star, with Introduction by James Huneker and illustrated with photographs. New York: The Century Co. $5 net.

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the kind of atmosphere of unremoved marble, the breadth of light upon their slightly accented surfaces obsessed him. Probably, also, he was influenced by the contemporary work in painting of Carrière. At any rate, from a realistic sculptor he tended to become what one may call an impressionist or luminist sculptor, and to devote himself to the task of carving light and air. He also acquired from Michelangelo a love for the contrasting of the more finished parts of his work with great masses of rough stone, and he carried this contrast further than Michelangelo dreamed of doing, using for this purpose blocks much larger than would be necessary for the getting out of the work. He even allegorized this method and made of a head buried nearly to the lips in the marble from which she is emerging a symbol of Thought.

Of these elements is composed the great bulk of Rodin's work. He produced a host of single figures in marble, a few groups of two figures—seldom more—even fragments of figures. Such works are generally small in scale, and in them the lack of monumental design is of little consequence. They are often superbly modelled with a grasp of structure and function and a sensitiveness of surface beyond the range of any of his contemporaries. The enlargement—what has been called the halation—of the forms for the expression of light is, before it is pushed too far, effective and beautiful, answering the same purpose of an escape from the commonplace that is attained by the broad abstraction of the Greeks or the delicate half-modelling of the masters of the early Renaissance. But there is nearly always something strained and perverse in these figures, some intentional and teasing interruption of their beauty, some ungainliness of attitude or ugliness of detail which forces you to forget the work and remember the artist. And there are few of them from which one would not prefer to remove some obtrusive bulk of uncut marble which was not left there because the sculptor stayed his hand where he had disengaged his thought, but which has been calculated for from the beginning.

Such as they are, with their faults and their virtues, the best of these works are likely always to be admired. But it is a dangerous time for an artist when he begins to see that if he leaves a work sufficiently vague the imagination of the beholder will step in and read all sorts of meanings into it. It is a dangerous time for an artist of the intuitive and non-intellectual type when he is persuaded to imagine himself a thinker. It is doubly and trebly dangerous to one with the peasant's mixture of shrewdness and simplicity to find that it pays to be misunderstood and that in our day publicity, whatever its nature, is as good as fame.

In the Balzac Rodin seems to have tried to do the impossible and to have forgotten to model a statue in the effort to model the *Comédie Humaine*. In his later works he progressively exaggerated his mannerisms and magnified his faults while he allowed his genius for modelling to die of disuse. In the desire to carve atmosphere he ceased to put any form under it, and many of his later marbles look like melted sugar. He added to the masses of rough-hewn stone until they far outweigh and outmeasure the figures half engaged in them. In the doctrine that all nature is beautiful and fit for artistic treatment he seems to have found a reason for the representation of increasingly debased types of the human form and features.

There is another aspect of this later work of Rodin's of which it is more difficult to speak at this time. In the strong-fibred, full-blooded nature of the man there was a strain of vigorous animality, of sensuousness tending to pass over into sensuality, which, while it was kept under artistic retraint, gave passion to his finer works without pushing them beyond the bounds of decency. Unfortunately this peculiarity also is intensified in his later works with regrettable results.

Of the extraordinary drawings of which he produced so many in his last years one would prefer not to speak at all. Let us forget them so far as the zeal of his extreme admirers will allow us. Let us forget and forgive not only a good deal that he did himself, but a great deal more that he caused others to do. He was not the first genius and will not be the last to set a fatal example for his followers.

Time will sift Rodin's work and separate the good from the bad, the wheat from the chaff. Time also will determine the rating of his best work and will decide how high he shall stand among his contemporaries and his predecessors. Whatever that rating may be, there can be no more doubt that he was an original artist, producing much which has a quality of its own unlike anything to be found elsewhere, than that he was a vigorous and striking personality or that he played a prominent part in the history of art in the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth.

KENYON COX

The New French Theatre

"SUCH a theatre, then, will be modern and strenuous; give me real comedians and, on a platform of rough-hewn boards, I will promise to produce real comedy." So speaks Jacques Copeau, and we are inclined to take him at his word. For this critic, author, actor, manager is a man of achievement. In an out-of-the-way street, in an unfashionable quarter of Paris, with only the aid of obscure actors, it took him just eight months to make his theatre the rendezvous of all that was best in the theatre-going public. And when his company went on tour in England it aroused the same enthusiastic admiration.

Copeau, who on the twenty-seventh of this month will open in New York his Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, comes to us as a reformer of the stage: he is the French Granville Barker or Adolphe Appia, or Max Reinhardt. Yet he is very different from all of these. It is true that he has something in common with Gordon Craig, the father of modern stage-craft. With Craig he desires not realism but art; he, too, looks first, "not at Nature, but in the play of the author"; and Craig's spectacle of the dance is reflected in Copeau's idea of dramatic rhythm: "Color and rhythm are obtained," says Copeau, "not by an immobile color scheme, but by the folding and unfolding of the human group in accordance with the dramatic situation."

This last statement suggests the difference between Copeau and other modern reformers. The danger of Craig's theories, especially as worked out by Reinhardt, is a sacrifice of the acting to the stage setting; while Copeau's reform, even in the matter of scenery, stresses primarily the work of the actor.

His stage presents many peculiarities; an apron over the orchestra, a platform for fair-like performances, ready access to the floor of the auditorium, and so forth; but all this attention to material detail is but a means to an end. He desires a physical apparatus of extreme "fluidity" which, instead of being a force in itself hindering or helping the

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actor, shall become a part of his rôle, adapting itself with the greatest possible readiness to his interpretation of the text of the author. Sometimes the scene consists merely of a neutral-colored cyclorama with a simple cube in the centre of the stage as a pivot of the action. And it is just this stress laid on the work of the actor that makes Copeau praise so highly, as a matter of training, the playing of a classic French repertory. *Le théâtre du siècle français est d'une nudité presque austère. L'acteur y est réduit à lui-même, à la justesse de son jeu et des sentiments qu'il expose. Rien ne peut l'aider à dissimuler ses faiblesses.*

Copeau has said that, to be themselves, to be loved as they should, Molière's farces ought to be played "fortement, bonnement, populairement, et non avec le stupide respect qu'on croit devoir à un auteur comique parce qu'il a du génie." Nothing could be saner, or more typical of the man. Any play worthy of the name has latent within its lines a certain individuality or atmosphere; if properly interpreted, it will produce a garment of its own making. It is therefore the actor's duty to hide his own personality and to work solely for a vigorous expression of this proper interpretation. And in this idea lies one of the fundamental principles of Copeau's reform. An associate of poets and artists, having received his dramatic education largely from the small irregular theatres (Théâtre Antoine, Théâtre des Arts) where liberalism was sometimes almost a fetich, Copeau has been in a better position than most producers to detect the deformities, the tricks, and the conventionality into which the stage can fall; and there is nothing against which he protests more vigorously. His company must play works of very different types, alternating Molière with Musset, Shakespeare with Becque, Beaumarchais with Paul Claudel or Maeterlinck, because it is through such variety alone "that the actor becomes that docile instrument needed alike by the author and the manager." Restricted to one sort of rôle or to one type of play, the actor *se contente très vite d'un petit nombre d'effets dont il connaît l'action sur le public. Rien n'encourage davantage l'acteur à négliger le sens véritable de la pièce pour y substituer ses petites manies personnelles.*

There is indeed a winning candor in Copeau's distrust of the traditional and the academic. In a recent statement about the actors of his company, some of whom (Gournac, Vallée, Mauprat, Bogaert) have won laurels on well-recognized theatres such as the Odéon, he makes special mention of Valentine Tessier *refusée cinq fois au Conservatoire* and Mme. Bogaert who *n'excitait au Conservatoire que des railleries.* It is not surprising that, as an indispensable aid in his attempt to better the stage, he has founded his own school for the training of actors.

The second great principle of his reform—the one which he no doubt cherishes most—bears upon the kind of play to be produced. At the opening of his theatre in Paris, he announced his intention of bringing together *ce que les œuvres du passé présentent de plus solide et ce que la production contemporaine offre de plus vivant.* I have already given a partial list of the authors whose works he has produced. His taste is evidently eclectic. He inveighs constantly against all that is purely commercial or sensational, the low and the pornographic being the particular objects of his hatred. Furthermore, the programme of his first season (October, 1913, to May, 1914), did not contain, as far as the writer knows, nor will the New York programme contain any plays whose success depends upon passing conditions of civilization or taste (*genre parisien,* sociological and problem plays). On the other hand, Copeau seems to have a distinct preference for robust farce and for those pioneer works of various schools which, by the sheer force of the conviction that was in their authors, were produced in the face of hostile conditions.

These antipathies and these preferences seem to suggest a criterion of what plays are good and what bad in the estimation of Copeau. But to understand his reform correctly it is, I believe, unwise to lay too much stress on this or that detail. Its real trend is found in a state of mind, in a peculiar spirit, which can be explained only by a knowledge of Copeau's intellectual and artistic environment.

Born in Paris in the year 1879, Copeau is thirty-eight years of age and a Frenchman; he has carried upon the stage the spirit of his nationality and his generation. When he was still at the Lycée Condorcet or reading philosophy at the University of Paris, new France had already shaken off much of the religious disbelief of Renan and the political pessimism of Taine. Brunetière had become the lay champion of the Roman faith; Bergson was breaking the hold of positivism; and many non-Catholics even, such as Barrès, Charles Maurras, and, somewhat later, the writers of the *Action Française*, were beginning to proclaim loudly that if they wished to save their country from internal disintegration and foreign aggression, Frenchmen should return to the ideals that had been her strength in the past. The ideals of the age of Louis the Great, patriotism and religion, the army, and at least the practices of the Roman Church were indispensable elements of discipline and union.

In the domain of arts and letters a similar change was taking place. The poets, for instance, ever quick to reflect new movements, were recovering their equilibrium. Materialism and neo-mysticism were both losing ground and being replaced by a saner compromise or synthesis in which realism was less dogmatic and symbolism less extravagant. This change can be noted as early as 1896-7. At that time, Saint-Georges de Bouhélier with exaltation, and Francis Jammes with ingenuousness, were already celebrating the joys and sorrows, also the heroism, of every-day life, in poetry that was once more comprehensible to the reader of the old classics.

Speaking broadly, a new spirit was timidly appearing in France at the turn of the century. Life was becoming more disciplined, more active, saner; it was becoming deeper also, recognizing the power of positive belief.

It is to this new spirit that Copeau and his contemporaries fell heir; and with his generation Copeau has carried further the torch he received. He made his mark first, I believe, as a critic of art and literature. In 1907 he became the dramatic critic of the *Grande Revue* under the management of Jacques Rouché; and in the following year he helped to found the *Nouvelle Revue Française.* He has shown himself throughout earnest and enthusiastic, fighting courageously for what he and his friends consider vital and inspiring. It is worthy of note that his theatrical venture of 1913 won the support of such older men as Verhaeren, Bergson, Henri de Régnier, and De Bussy. Though different in profession and temperament, these seniors have a certain unity of feeling. They have united to see in Copeau and his actors a band of self-effacing workers determined to make of the theatre an artistic expression of the deeper and more significant sides of life.

A. G. H. Spiers

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Reviews of Plays

"L'ELEVATION"

THE eternal triangle receives a new dignity at the hands of Henry Bernstein. "L'Elévation," brought to this country by Grace George for her company at the Playhouse, employs the war to spiritualize and to disentangle a perplexing domestic problem. It is small wonder that the French, with whom illicit love has always been a disturbing obsession, should have given the play a warm welcome. Briefly, the plot is concerned with a husband, a wife, and the latter's lover, who at the outbreak of the war goes to the front. The husband, learning of the secret love, insists that there must be no thought of a separation, since that would cause a scandal and interrupt their war work. When the lover is wounded and telegraphs for the wife to come, the husband, though he knows that the lover is unworthy, consents, after a great struggle, to the meeting, because of the wife's genuine, consuming love. Whereupon, the lover in gratitude dissuades the wife from taking her life at his death, in accordance with a previous threat; and it also develops that his feeling for the woman has been elevated from passion to nobility.

Even in barest outline, the plot manifestly furnishes opportunity for effective acting. Miss George, except in the scene where she attempts to thank the husband for his generous self-sacrifice—it was only her voice which was at fault—gave a performance which she has seldom surpassed. Holbrook Blinn was excellent as the husband. The part of the lover was adequately played by Lionel Atwill.

F.

"THE GAY LORD QUEX"

THE revival of Pinero's play, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, is instructive in several ways. When it first appeared in this country it was looked at askance as a specimen of drab realism, though it was pronounced a skilful bit of construction. The outspokenness of the stage in the past few years has made "The Gay Lord Quex" seem harmless, so harmless, in fact, that one searches again for the secret of its staying powers. The construction, too, in the light of present practice appears to include several instances of curious quirks and shifts. To mention only one, why should the surprise concerning the character of Muriel Eden's lover be kept from the audience until a moment before the final curtain? The answer to this question undoubtedly furnishes the key to the spirit of the play. The piece is clever artifice having little more relation to real life than many a representative of Restoration drama, and the characters, especially the minor characters, may with impunity be shadowy. In passing it may be added that it is, in one important respect, inferior to the older style, namely, in lacking humor—but this is an element in which Pinero is constitutionally deficient.

There are only two characters in "The Gay Lord Quex" that can lay claim to reality—Quex and Sophie, the manicurist. Lord Quex, at the hands of John Drew, becomes a person of decidedly human traits. His early "gayety," under the spur of genuine love, he has cast off and is now revealed as a worldly wise person, lovable and somewhat subdued. The cynicism which might be expected because of the artificial nature of the play is untouched by Mr. Drew. His conception may, it is true, have been consciously adjusted to the interpretation of Sophie by Miss Margaret Illington, who drew upon her own rather overpowering emotional capacity in a way which turned the young manicurist into a creature of the deepest and most tragic feeling. It is needless to say that this rendering of Sophie tended to accentuate the artificiality of the surrounding characters. In our judgment the part might well have been entrusted to the real, if not profound, finesse of, say, Miss Lola Fisher. A work of artifice, which only occasionally comes in contact with life, is stultified by a heavy touch.

F.

"THE THREE BEARS"

ANOTHER story from fairyland has been adapted to the stage. The three bears in the play at the Empire are a young doctor and his two patients at a bungalow in the Maine woods. Goldylocks, most prettily played by Ann Murdock, is a very young woman who strays into the camp after a set-to with her only relative and proceeds to live with her maid, in an adjoining cottage, since it is hers, as well as the camp rented by the three men. These three, especially the patients, are misogynists as a result of unhappy experiences, and the dramatic interest of the play is furnished by their gradual thawing out before the natural and simple charms of the fair visitor. The complication which delays the climax, though produced by an unnecessary bit of raw melodrama, is happy in its effect, and the play as a whole is a dainty fantasy. An especial word of praise must be given to the scene painter, who set up as background as real a slice of Maine as one will find on a summer's day.

F.

Amusements

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IN "THE MASQUERADER"

Finance

Testimony of the West

ARE trade activity and the "business boom" going on unchecked, or are we in the preliminary stages of trade reaction? This question comes repeatedly to the merchants and manufacturers of the West. Interest in it is increased by the fact that last month's bank clearings in the Middle West were larger by 16 per cent. than any ever before reported in October. What, we are asked, does this really mean?

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I have canvassed opinion in the best-informed business quarters. The reply is always that business throughout the West is very large. It is irregularly distributed, but the underlying situation is one of strength. On the surface there is more or less uneasiness as a result of Governmental regulation of prices; the effect of this, however, is gradually wearing off, and the impression is growing that conservative regulation is a good thing for all.

Until the Government intervened, business interests were fairly running wild as a result of the abnormal war demands, war prices, and opportunities to "get rich quick." This has been checked, and not only is it the disposition now to work with the Government and assist as much as possible in winning the war, but business is done on a sound basis. It is the scarcity of labor which is most felt in all lines of business. Not only is skilled labor abnormally hard to get, but common labor and help of all kinds, of which there always used to be a surplus, is not easily procured. One of the largest employers sums up the situation as one in which "there is decided scarcity in quantity and quality, but in the second more than in the first."

Adoption of the various "efficiency plans" in all big corporations, and among many smaller ones, has made strikingly apparent the inferior quality of workers available. While those who are working in offices and shops are striving to make both ends meet, owing to the increased living and other expenses, many of the labor unions, especially those on the railways, are demanding increased wages and provoking petty trouble and walkouts, which tend to create uneasiness.

Farm labor is as scarce as any other, and an effort is being made here to enlist 2,000,000 young men and middle-aged men for farm work next year. This is one of the propagandas that are started to help the Government itself in working out its labor problems for next season. It is recognized that a great deal of preliminary work must be done long before the hands are needed.

Interests in all lines of steel and metal work are rushed with business. There is an immense general demand for machinery, particularly machine tools for use in munition plants and on railways which have delayed for months the purchases to equip their shops for the large amount of work that must be done. It is difficult to procure machinists, yet all machine shops are crowded with business for months to come. Governmental orders have preference, and these have come in freely of late.

They are of many kinds. The British Government, for instance, has an agent here at present buying all kinds of drying machinery for use in saving the potato crop in England, Ireland, and Scotland, on the plan favored by Food Conservator Hoover for this country. Machinery for the manufacture of oatmeal and for all kinds of cereals, especially those made of corn, are being sought, and orders given for both new and second hand, the idea being to get it as fast as possible. At the rate the buying is being done, everything available will soon be cleaned up.

In the mercantile trade, buying is conservative, but it compares well with the last year. Dry-goods sales for spring delivery are showing an increase over last year. In some lines they are 10 to 20 per cent. larger. In fact, one trouble is that the scarcity of merchandise makes it difficult for the jobber to obtain necessary stocks with which to satisfy their orders. Retail sales are running well ahead of last year's, although there is more disposition shown on the part of consumers to use up what they have in hand. But the general public is forced from necessity to buy constantly, which makes the volume of business large and satisfactory, with indications that it is to continue.

In short, while the war continues, business cannot stand still. There is no inflation in any line, except those immediately connected with munitions and army supplies generally. In other lines, the disposition is to run close. Yet the mail-order houses have an immense business that is 20 to 25 per cent. ahead of last year. Since a large percentage of their sales is in the rural districts, this is taken as one of the best indices to the prosperity of the farmers. The high prices obtained for everything that the farmer had to sell has more than offset the advanced cost that he has had to meet in buying his supplies. Even in sections where crops were poor, the high prices have largely made up for the loss in yields.

Such is the situation in the West, at all events. It contrasts very oddly with what we hear of financial gloom and falling prices on your Stock Exchange.

C. D. M.

Chicago, November 19

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Ashmun, M. The Heart of Isabel Carleton. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Barclay, F. L. The White Ladies of Worcester. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Bell, J. J. Kiddies. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Blanchard, A. E. Nancy First and Last. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Camp, W. The Abandoned Room. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Diver, M. Unconquered. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Graham, S. Priest of the Ideal. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hamp, S. F. Sheridan's Twins. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Hardy, A. S. 13 Rue Du Bon Diable. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Holland, R. S. The Blue Heron's Feather. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Ingram, E. M. The Twice American. Lippincott. $1.35 net.
James, H. The Ivory Tower: An Unfinished Novel. Scribner. $1.50 net.
James, H. The Sense of the Past: An Unfinished Novel. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Lincoln, J. C. Extricating Obadiah. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Tompkins, E. W. The Enlightenment of Paulina. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Widdemer, M. Winona of Camp Karonya. Lippincott. $1.25 net

MISCELLANEOUS

Björnson, B. Arnljot Gelline. Translated by W. M. Payne. American-Scandinavian Foundation.
Chesterton, G. K. Utopia of Usurers. Boni & Liveright. $1.25 net.
Comstock, S. Old Roads from the Heart of New York. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Cooper, E. The Heart of O Sono San. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Dwight, H. G. Persian Miniatures. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.
Eaton, W. P. Green Trails and Upland Pastures. Doubleday, Page. $1.60 net.
Gibson, H. A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
Giddings, H. A. Handbook of Military Signalling. Revised Edition. Appleton. 60 cents net.
Giraud, V. The French Miracle and French Civilization. Translated by H. P. Thieme and W. A. McLaughlin. Published under the auspices of the Department of Romance Languages of the University of Michigan.
Haworth, P. L. On the Headwaters of Peace River. Scribner. $4 net.

(*Continued on Page* 580.)

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Summary of the News

PRESIDENT WILSON, addressing the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo last week, gave a statesmanlike summary of his policy regarding the issue for which America is fighting. After cautioning his audience against a premature peace with Germany, likewise of laying the sins of militarism and autocracy against the mass of the German people, he pointed out the need of a conclusive victory over the unrepresentative rulers of modern Germany. "Take the map and look at it," runs the President's most significant passage. "Germany has absolute control of Austria-Hungary, practical control of the Balkan States, control of Turkey, control of Asia Minor. I saw a map in which the whole thing was printed in appropriate black the other day, and the black stretched all the way from Hamburg to Bagdad —the bulk of the German power inserted into the heart of the world. If she can keep that, she has kept all that her dreams contemplated since the war began."

ON that sector of the western front occupied by American troops artillery fire continues to be violent. A number of our troops were wounded and killed owing to a direct hit by a German shell. In reply the American guns are searching the German communication trenches, and the accuracy of their fire has been commended by the French officers. The infantry is now receiving its taste of trench warfare and is becoming seasoned under the attention lavished by the German artillery on their sector.

AFTER a steady and fiercely contested retreat, the Italian army, now under the general command of Diaz, appears to be holding the line at the Piave River, in spite of local crossings by the enemy. The Italians have counter-attacked and taken a number of prisoners. The Teutonic forces have evidently been searching for a weak spot in the Italian defence, as is evidenced by the number of desperate thrusts at various points, and have now concentrated their attention on a sector between the Brenta and the Piave, where their pressure has forced an Italian withdrawal. It is thought that if the army of Gen. Diaz can hold the enemy onslaughts at the Piave a little longer, the Teutonic tide may be stemmed. Some idea of the emphasis the enemy is placing upon time is shown in the prodigality with which, as at Verdun, he is flinging his shock troops against well-held Italian positions. In the air the Italians have maintained a superiority so essential in the mountain warfare as well as for the coöperation of the guns of the navy, which are proving a considerable factor in the defence of that section of the Piave which is nearest the sea. In order to retard the enemy's threatened advance on Venice, the Italian engineers successfully flooded a triangle on which the enemy had gained lodgment by opening the floodgates of the Piave and Sile Rivers, near Grisolera, seventeen miles northeast of Venice. On the Trentino front Gen. Diaz is holding the enemy, while he is repelling the desperate attacks at the Piave. A rapid consolidation of the Italians has followed immediately upon the repulse to the enemy in various sectors. At the Zenson loop of the Piave a considerable Teutonic force has been hemmed in and decimated.

THE western front finds the British forces of Field-Marshal Haig keeping close contact with the German forces driven out of Passchendaele by the capture of the redoubts and positions left on that ridge in German control. All the desperate efforts of the German "shock troops" during the past week to retake Passchendaele have proved costly failures. The French under Pétain have reported a sustained artillery duel, while their detachments that crossed the Ailette are reported by Berlin to have been repulsed. In Belgium the French defeated a determined German attack north of Veldhoek. Considerable aeroplane activity is in progress on this front, towns and military encampments of the Germans being the chief targets of the Allied aviators, in which raids American aviators are reported to have taken part.

FROM Palestine comes further news of the series of successes that have attended Gen. Allenby's advance on Jerusalem. While the British report their first naval loss from this eastern front, a destroyer and a small monitor having fallen victims to a submarine attack on the Palestine coast, the capture of the important town of Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, about thirty miles distant, will facilitate the attack on the ancient capital. The Germans are reported to be concerned over the fate of Jerusalem, the next objective of Gen. Allenby's rapid advance on the trail of the retreating Turks in Palestine, and are putting forth every effort to reorganize the shattered Turkish forces for its defence.

THE sudden *débâcle* that has overturned the Provisional Government of Premier Kerensky, and brought the Bolshevik party of Lenine to power, has once more concentrated attention on the throes through which Russia is passing. Kerensky was at first supported by the loyalist troops he had rallied outside the capital, but these were defeated, and many of them espoused the Bolshevik cause, leaving Kerensky prisoner in the hands of Lenine. He has since escaped. While a new army, chiefly composed of Cossacks, is advancing on the capital, yet the whereabouts of Kerensky has not been discovered, and this army, with Petrograd at its mercy, is now encamped outside awaiting the reappearance of Kerensky. A great deal of street fighting and bloodshed ensued during the week in Petrograd. Meanwhile, the brief régime of the Bolshevik Ministry brought the outstanding statement that they were willing to conclude a land armistice for three months with Germany. Already, however, with the advance of the new army supporting Kerensky outside Petrograd, come reports of dissension among the Bolshevik Ministers and a definite split into two factions. Rioting and anarchy prevailed for a time in Moscow, where, as in Petrograd, the food situation is acute. News from Petrograd is scarce, and reports are conflicting, so swiftly have events moved in that city. As an indication of the unsettled situation, Ambassador Francis has requested that a train shall be placed at his disposal to convey 200 members of the American colony in Petrograd to Harbin.

ANOTHER political crisis has assailed the French Government, Painlevé's Cabinet having resigned after a debate on questions relating to the war, and owing to the lack of support by the Socialists. Various scandals were the final issue. Georges Clemenceau, the picturesque editor of *L'Homme Enchainé*, the Paris journal which has most frequently run foul of the French censor, is the new Premier. Clemenceau will also retain for himself the War portfolio, and it is reported that he will abolish the rigid censorship under which his own paper has been the chief sufferer.

THE submarine crisis has markedly subsided, though no definite reasons have as yet been assigned to the sudden and significant diminution that has characterized the past week, during which the British Admiralty reports only one ship of over 1,600 tons and five under this size as lost by mine or submarine. This marks the lowest number of sinkings since the inception of the German navy's ruthless policy. The high mark for sinkings obtained during April, when forty ships of 1,600 tons and over and fifteen of less tonnage were sunk. That the failure of the submarine campaign is causing concern in German official quarters is evident in the various inspired writings of the German naval publicists, who point out that the power of this means of offence must not be overestimated. Not long ago it was regarded as the deciding factor in the war by German strategists. The British Admiralty, however, is at pains to warn the Allies that this diminution must not lead to any relaxation in fighting the menace.

IN view of the importance attached to the approaching Allied War Conference, scheduled to meet during the next fortnight in Paris, the emphatic message sent to Col. House by President Wilson, insisting on the need of a unity of plan and control among the Allied representatives of the Board, is significant. President Wilson states that such a unity is essential between the United States and her allies if our huge resources are to be used to the best advantage. The President has asked Col. House to attend the meeting, with Gen. Tasker Bliss as military adviser. It is hoped that the President's emphatic reminder is to have some influence upon the storm that broke in Premier Lloyd George's Ministry over the War Board. Lord Northcliffe has brought charges of inadequate coördination, and has refused the offer of head of the British Air Board. The real centre of the British storm was the question of the projected Allied War Council, which, it was alleged, is being planned in order to bring the military control of all operations under a political ægis. The crisis has left Premier Lloyd George, after the first attack on his Ministry, still in power, and it is likely that the President's message to Col. House will help to clear the air and impress the Allies with the seriousness of the crisis, sharpened as it has been by the Italian retreat.

THE acute stage reached by the differences between the railways and their employees over the wage question is indicated by the President's decision to accept the drafting of a plan of settlement proposed by the railway brotherhoods as touching the points at issue. While the President has shown his satisfaction at the decision of the contending parties to compose their differences, yet he has declared himself in favor of the enactment of a law for the compulsory arbitration of railway disputes during the period of war. The threatened strike has now been averted.

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